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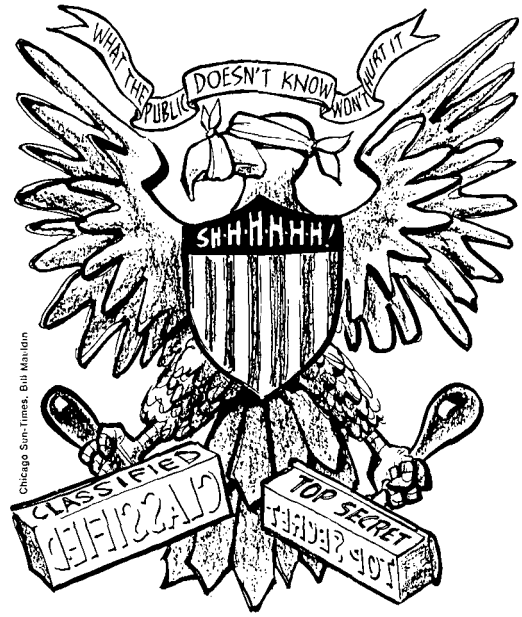

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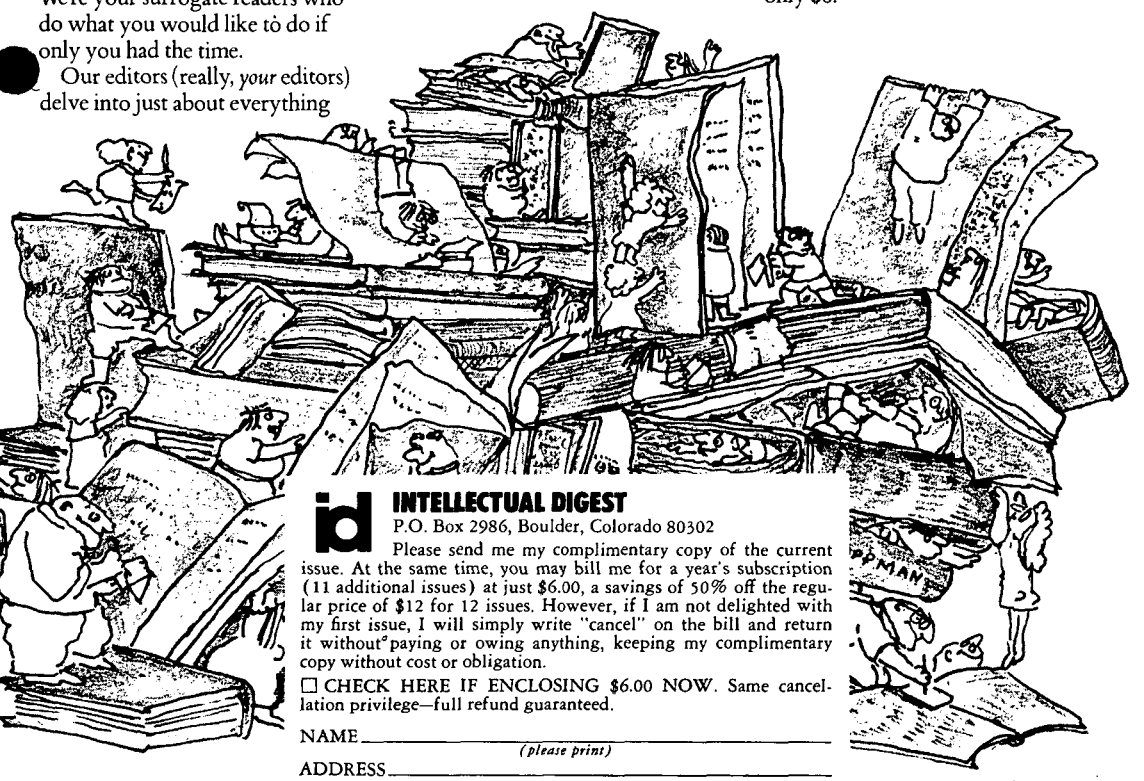

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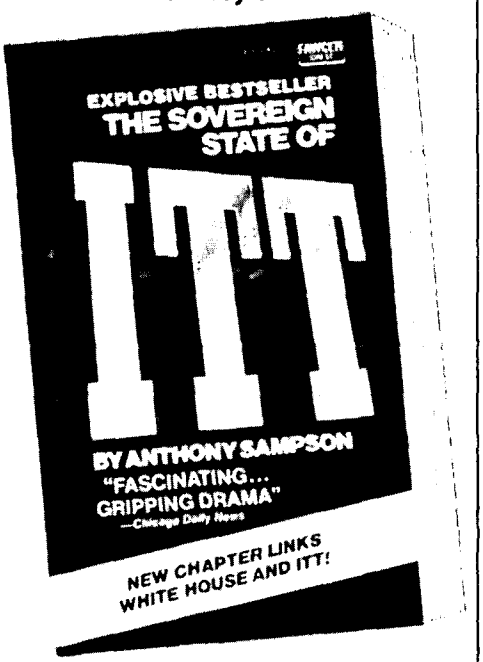

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Letters

Genteel Populists

In the excerpt from *The Genteel Populists* in your January issue, Simon Lazarus says, "Morton Mintz and Jerry Cohen, both close associates of Ralph Nader. . . ." This is careless writing, whatever Lazarus may have meant by it. My "associates," as I understand the word, are my colleagues at *The Washington Post*, and I have no other. As for Jerry, who does not as I do deal with Nader as a news source, he has talked to Nader two or three times in his entire life and has never corresponded with him.

Lazarus misapprehends what Jerry and I did in *America, Inc.* First, the decision to commend federal chartering of corporations was made entirely by us, without consultation with Nader and, indeed, without knowing what views, if any, he may have held. Secondly, we said not a word—*not a word—to suggest that federal chartering was easily* achievable or, as a practicable matter, achievable at all. What we did, rather, was to commend a course of action that seemed to us to best fit the needs we had detailed and was philosophically and ideologically compatible with our political system. Consequently, the tone, although not the words taken literally, of Lazarus' comments is misleading. He says, "But the mystery that remains is how Senator James B. [the middle initial is "O."] Eastland will be hoodwinked into letting them [our goals] pass his Judiciary Committee. . . ." We never thought for a moment, of course, that Eastland could be "hoodwinked," or that we were in the slightest degree hoodwinking any reader (but Lazarus) into thinking the Senator could be hoodwinked.

Lazarus goes on to predict that a chartering agency would "eviscerate" the chartering law. Possibly. But how does he know what such an agency would do in a climate so different from today's that the enabling legislation necessarily would have had to slip by old Jim Eastland? I suspect he may also under-estimate what safeguards can be written into the law itself. The Federal Communications Act gave the FCC seven commissioners; it has never had eight. The Act put a limit on the number of VHF licenses a single broadcast ownership may hold; that limit has never, to my knowledge, been exceeded.

Lazarus says we "blithely predict" that a chartering agency "will" write goals and priorities into corporate charters. We do no such thing; we say what we think "should" and "could" be done. Note this disclaimer on p. 362:

> However, we do not pretend to do more than present an outline and to indicate the general direction a federal incorporation law should take. Nor do we pretend that it is the total answer to all of the problems of society. But it can create the setting in which other fundamental reforms can move ahead.

Lazarus with similar distorted emphasis, says we "quaintly" conclude that federal chartering would allow the government to regain its proper role as quarterback of the economy. He goes on to ridicule "this athletic metaphor." There is nothing quaint about our metaphor; it flows from the achievement we say we hope—not will—be made.

Finally, Lazarus, despite Senator Eastland, says, "Yet the odds are high that the concept of the federal charter will soon become law." Maybe it will; there are those who accept the idea that the international oil companies should be chartered in Washington rather than Wilmington. I don't think that would be a panacea, but if Lazarus thinks we ought to leave regulation of Exxon to Delaware, would he please forthrightly say so?

MORTON MINTZ
Washington, D. C.

Morton Mintz is a reporter for The Washington Post.

Simon Lazarus' article, "Ralph Nader, The Last New Dealer," presented a number of misconceptions concerning Nader's proposal for federal chartering legislation—the proposal that the large national corporations be answerable to the federal government for their legal existence and not to the states. . . .

Specifically, Lazarus argues three points against federal chartering: 1) that it would never pass Senator James Eastland's Judiciary Committee; 2) that it will be a vague, ill-defined law with conventional (i.e., ineffective) sanctions; and 3) that a federal corporation agency would be a regulatory

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agency and would be taken over by the corporations it would seek to regulate. In the first place, federal chartering legislation has historically been referred to the Senate Commerce Committee and not to Senate Judiciary. In the Commerce Committee, the possibility of favorable action is higher than in Judiciary. Even so, this negative attitude, "It could never pass," is irrelevant. If that attitude were one to be taken seriously, the Clean Air Act would be sitting on the shelf of the Sierra Club and auto safety legislation, a pipe dream.

Secondly, federal chartering would be about as vague as the Ten Commandments. The law would contain such "vacuous" ideas as a) Shareholder rights to exert greater control over the board of directors; b) Responsibilities of directors and management to recognize the interests of employees, consumers, and communities; c) Limitations on the corporations' control of the relevant markets; d) Disclosure of corporate information to shareholders and the government, including financial accounting by plant or product line, the extent of international operations, and the disclosure of real ownership whether by individuals or by large banks and holding companies; e) Disclosure, in the form of a social statement, of such factors as product safety, job safety, abuse of credit checks and invasions of the privacy of employees or competitors, denial of free speech of employees through punishment for informing the government or the public of illegal or unethical activities, and corporate compliance of federal or state laws or regulations.

But Lazarus' most glaring misinterpretation was to confuse the role of the Federal Corporation Agency (FCA). It is unfortunate to find such confusion in a lawyer as good as Lazarus. For the FCA would be an agency whose raison d'etre would *not* be regulation such as practiced by the ICC or the CAB. The FCA's role would be to police and enforce the charters. The difference is that one type of agency sets truck rates between Kankakee and Kalamazoo while the other type bans unsafe products or polices stock market frauds. The fact is that agencies such as the National Highway Traffic Safety Agency and the Environmental Protection Agency have active consumer constituents that keep these agencies more responsive than others. Mr. Lazarus may be correct that federal incorporation and vigorous antitrust enforcement may not cure all the problems of our economic-political world. But this is akin to disparaging penicillin because it does not cure lung cancer. . . .

RICHARD MORGAN DOWNEY
Washington, D. C.

Morgan Downey works for Ralph Nader's Congress Watch on federal incorporation.

Simon Lazarus replies:

In describing Morton Mintz and Jerry Cohen as "close associates of Ralph Nader," I had no intention of calling into question the professional integrity of either. At another point in my book, I characterized Mintz as "one of the best investigative reporters in Washington," and referred in similarly positive terms to Jerry Cohen's outstanding career as Counsel to Senator Hart's Antitrust Subcommittee.

With respect to Mr. Mintz' complaint about my critique of the concept of federal chartering, let me just say at this point that I agree with him that federal chartering, in the sense he envisions it, as an effective and durable check on corporate power, is probably not "as a practicable matter, achievable at all." It continues to puzzle me as to why Mintz, Cohen, Nader, or other reformers should be promoting an idea which even they are unwillling to endorse as politically realistic.

As for Mr. Downey's defense of federal chartering, I am puzzled when he asserts that "federal chartering would be about as vague as the Ten Commandments," as if this were a compliment to his boss, Mr. Nader's, idea. The Ten Commandments are not, I had supposed, widely regarded as a model of either precision of content or effective enforcement.

Mr. Downey is correct in saying that federal chartering legislation has historically gone to the Senate Commerce Committee, but wrong if he thinks history would keep a new chartering proposal away from Judiciary, if, as its proponents have advertised, the bill contained antitrust features. If the rather grandiose antitrust and other notions that have been mentioned in the major briefs for federal chartering were to be pruned, and the concept would be limited to disclosure, federal chartering might be a useful and even practical—though small—step forward. But that has not been the nature of the beast as it has been portrayed to date.

While I do find Nader's interest in New Dealish regulatory schemes such as the FCA to be misguided, at the same time the book from which my article was excerpted emphasizes Nader's brilliantly creative role as founder and leader of the new populist movement.

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Net Energy

It goes without saying that we were happy to have *The Washington Monthly* publish our article on net energy (March, 1974), but last-minute editorial cuts, insertions, and rewordings damaged the essay's credibility with informed readers.

As edited, the article says that "despite" America's moderately high per-acre crop yields, American farmers use inordinate amounts of petroleum. It is *because of*, not despite, these high yields that petroleum consumption is so high. Calorie in for calorie out, however, U. S. agriculture is inefficient.

We cited Michael Perelman's calculation that the energy value of the food Americans consume is roughly equal to the energy burned by tractors alone, and that the total gasoline consumption in American agriculture represents more than five times as much energy as Americans finally eat. In attempting to make the point that the energy figures are more complicated than they seem, because "you can't eat gasoline," your editors added the statement that Perelman's "equation" is "somewhat invalid." It is not. A calorie is a calorie; it represents a specific capacity for work, whether a tractor ingests it as gasoline or a farmer ingests it as food. Calories and BTUs are a universal currency, transferable from food to people to machines to thinking to swamps to Sunday mass. Dollars also presume to play this universal role, but they do not measure real-world transactions anywhere near as effectively.

It is essential to realize that if the West is extensively strip-mined, Americans will sacrifice not only "potential" sources of energy, as the edited version of the article stated, but also forms of energy which are *presently flowing to them*. The natural grasslands of the Northern Great Plains require no fertilizers and few, if any, pesticides. They produce a high net-energy beef crop that Americans are harvesting right now.

Joseph Browder, whom we cite in the article, made another valid point, which was cut from the manuscript. A growing body of scientific evidence points to the heavy vegetative losses which occur when coal-burning facilities pollute the air. Farm and grassland energy yields will certainly drop if large conversion plants are built on the Northern Great Plains. Higher human disease rates will also exact an energy toll. All these minuses must be charged against the gross energy yield from western coal.

The published version of our article made it appear that the necessity of land recontouring would make shale oil production yield very little net energy. Our manuscript made it clear that there were a variety of reasons for the low net yield; unearthing all that buried shale, subjecting it to intense heat, and squeezing out the oil will require prodigious sums of energy. If, alternatively, natural gas is injected into the shale and detonated, the energy costs of producing the oil may be lower. We don't know this for sure, however—and neither does the Interior Department, which is now leasing shale oil lands to private fuel companies.

In defining net energy, the published article mentions the energy costs of producing and distributing the fuel and the loss of other potential energy sources, but it leaves out an essential element: the *physical* losses of energy which inevitably occur between the extraction of fuel and its final delivery in converted form to users. Such losses amount to 65 per cent to 70 per cent for coal. Our discussion of coal later in the article spells out this problem in detail, but that is no reason to give the reader an inaccurate definition on the first page.

Several minor but irritating editorial errors appeared in the article. A typographical error made one sentence refer to converting "costs" into electricity, instead of converting *coal*. Major water resources are consumed in the *conversion*, not the "producing" of coal. No sane person would recommend the strip-mining of "deep" coal. The punctuation of the published article made it appear that we objected to all economists, geologists, and capitalists; our punctuation made it clear that we objected only to those whose dollar-mindedness prevents them from understanding net energy.

Finally, the words "Without sounding pompous. . ." were inserted at the start of an unpretentious sentence which asked whether shrinking U. S. net energy yields might not explain the persistence of inflation during both upswings and downswings in business activity. We do not apologize for this question. In fact, we think it opens up a very useful line of research for economists.

EDWARD FLATTAU
JEFF STANSBURY

The editor replies:

Of course we should have checked these changes with the authors. We apologize for our failure to do so.

Surviving the Seventies

James Fallows' "How We Can Survive the Seventies" [February] contains several misleading statements about agriculture.

1) Referring to the inability of our supply system to keep up with demand: "We

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need only recall the performance of the agribusiness companies during the beef shortage. . . ." I'm not sure exactly what's referred to—what performance—but. . . . First, although many cattle are fattened in big commercial feedlots, the "cattle industry" is largely small business, at least as far as the packing house gate. The feeder calves are produced on western ranches and midwestern farms, and fattened primarily in farm feedlots. Second, the supply of beef cattle has increased steadily since the 1940's to match a steadily rising demand. The beef "shortage" last spring was due to a combination of factors and something of an anomaly. One should consider that the insatiable appetite of Americans for beef over all other meats and proteins might be an *unhealthy* demand in terms of a balanced agricultural economy and a balanced diet. Consumers play a role in economic ill health too. We can't blame big business for catering to our own greeds and whims. I don't intend to let big business off the hook; but I don't think we can let ourselves off the hook either. Third, shortages in agricultural products are by their nature not immediately remedied: the cow must gestate and give birth, the calf must grow to market weight at a genetically determined pace; wheat can be planted only at the proper season; and no matter how we may wish it otherwise. we can grow only one crop of soybeans a year.

2) Farmers *have* been encouraged to heavy fertilization and bigger machinery, but not because of farm programs. Since the turn of this century agricultural economists and farm management experts have generally offered *one solution to farmers plagued by low agricultural prices*: increased volume and lower costs. To achieve this it was necessary to increase *yields* with fertilization and high yielding varieties and to increase individual farm *size* by mechanization and the consolidation of farm units. In other words, fertilizers make the land more productive (more crop per acre); machines make the man more productive (more crop per man). When one farmer produces more per acre on more land he has higher volume and higher income.

At the same time, during the post World War II years, all kinds of technology became available to support this production revolution, and further technological development—in a chicken and egg relationship—was in turn supported by the pressure for increased production. More production meant sustained low prices, which demanded yet greater volume, which meant more production and larger farms and on and on and on. Farmers have been on a treadmill for half a century with only occasional brief respite.

3) There are no million acre (A.) tracts in Iowa. There are approximately 26.5 million A. of cropland in Iowa, and 140,354 farms with average size of 239.1 A. 47% of the farms and 77% of the land is in units of from 180-499 A. A little over 1,000 farms are larger than 1,000 A. in size. The largest single holding is 24,273 A., controlled by the Amana Colony, a religious colony which now engages in industry as well as farming.

Almost all farms are family farms, even those of a thousand A. or more. Although farms have increased in size over the years, there is also a trend toward family partnerships. Three brothers, for example, farm 1,000 A. in the county where I grew up. (Such farms may be organized as corporations, partnerships, or informally.) In the past each brother would probably have farmed alone as an individual proprietor. So, in the past that 1,000 A. might have been divided into five or six farms and supported five or six families, while now the 1,000 A. comprises only one farm, but supports three families. In other words, a decrease in the number of farms may not be directly proportional to the decrease in farm families.

4) Unfortunately, rising fertilizer costs may prove a *boon* to the large custom feed lot by providing a second source of income—the processing of organic fertilizer. The large lots can also use manure, after appropriate recycling, for feed, with fertilizer as a by-product. Small lots have no advantage in utilizing manure.

5) *The Des Moines Register*, referring to the optimists among the economic prognosticators, editorialized rather sourly a few months ago that farmers can remember three years back even if some others can't. There have been other times when the prospects looked bright for agriculture but didn't pan out. In fact, cheap fertilizer was partly due to a previous prediction that the population explosion would mean markets for U. S. agriculture. The fertilizer industry expanded production—betting on the come—and ended up with overproduction. (And the hard sell.) Fertilizer was so cheap that farmers, who spend a considerable amount of time every winter pondering cost/benefit ratios, sometimes found it more economical to buy fertilizer than to utilize manure.

Be that as it may, if the optimists are right and farm prices remain high, it will indeed offer an opportunity to decrease

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farm size and increase the number of farmers, since the individual proprietor will be able to make a decent living on a smaller amount of land. It won't happen, however, without rational public policies to encourage it. High agricultural prices stimulate existing farmers' appetites for more land, and also stimulate the appetites of "outside money" looking for a quick buck, especially if the quick buck is protected by tax loss provisions. A second deterrent to a reverse in the trend to farm consolidation is the rise in costs. In 1972 production costs rose less than product prices. Such was not the case in 1973, and is not expected to be the case in 1974. Inflation in other areas of the economy increases the farm family's living costs as well. Farmers may soon be right back on the traditional treadmill.

6) As for those small European farms, there are several things to keep firmly in mind. European farmers are subsidized as much and in some cases more than American farmers. European agriculture is protected from competition by a number of tariff barriers and regulations. The price of meat is much higher in Europe than in the United States. Last, Europe is going through the same machinery/fertilizer/land consolidation revolution that the U. S. has experienced in the last 30 or so years. There are some indications that consolidation of farm units has begun to slow in the United States, at least outside the south, but that it is still on the rise in Europe. European nations want to retain the family farm just as we claim we do, but at the same time governmental policies and economic trends are encouraging development, through consolidation of farm units that are of viable size, i. e., sufficient to support the farm family, and to utilize modern technology more efficiently.

Mr. Fallows on agriculture is proof that if the family farm is to be saved we must have spokesmen for farmers who can educate urban economists and urban writers about the workings of the agricultural economy. We can't save agriculture for small business any more than we can save ourselves from big business if we don't understand how *all sectors* of the economy work.

LOLA SMITH
Washington, D. C.

James Fallows replies:

To take them in order–

1) I have no quarrel with these points and am surprised Ms. Smith thinks she is quarreling with me. My article discussed the high American consumption of meat, and in mentioning the "beef shortage" my point was precisely hers: that it's difficult to expand or alter supply immediately.

2) If in saying that farming has become mechanized "not because of farm programs" Ms. Smith means that some other factors were involved, I agree.

If she means that farm programs have not been a major force in this direction, I think she is wrong. A good many of the most influential "agricultural economists and farm management experts" have worked under the auspices of the U. S. Department of Agriculture; between its Extension Service (which offers free advice to farmers) and its subsidy programs, the USDA has done everything possible to encourage farm consolidation and mechanized agriculture. The "all kinds of technology" that "became available" after World War II came into being largely thanks to the USDA's largesse in sponsoring research projects. As Harrison Wellford documents in his book, *Sowing the Wind*, and as James Hightower explained in an article in *The Washington Monthly* last September, the government's projects have disproportionately favored the large, capital-intensive farmer.

3) I am guilty of hyperbole for writing "the million-acre commercial farmer" in my article. While the decrease in farm families may not be exactly proportional to the decrease in farms, the fact that only four per cent of our people are now working on farms instead of 15 or 20 per cent earlier in the century indicates to me that people are leaving the farm.

4) Yes, large feedlots will profit. My point was that small farmers (not small lot operators) will, too.

5) Nothing would please me more than having predictions of world food shortages turn out to be wrong. The unceasing growth in world population, together with greater meat-protein consumption, has pushed many food sources to their limits: declining or stagnant worldwide seafood catches suggest that the world's fisheries are being harvested at their capacity, and this year, for the first time in decades, the U. S. has virtually no good cropland in retirement. A good world harvest may bring grain prices down from their present inflated levels, but I know of no responsible authority who claims that the long-term outlook is for cheap or abundant food.

6) I agree with Ms. Smith and find her points consistent with my argument, which was simply that some foreign farms have higher per-acre yields than those in the U. S.

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Doing a Little for Others and a Lot for Ourselves

by James Fallows

A Tale of Two Projects:

■ The Southern headquarters of the American Friends Service Committee is a small suite of rooms in one of Atlanta's more notorious office buildings, an ugly old brown monster that Lester Maddox once denounced as a nest of Commies because it housed (and still does) such groups as the American Civil Liberties Union and the Law Students Civil Rights Committee. The AFSC has never had the resources to become one of the South's big-money operations, but during the 1960s it set up something called the "Family Aid Fund." The money for the fund originally came from donations that poured in after James Reed, a white religious worker, was murdered in Selma, Alabama. The Service Committee decided that one good way to use the money might be to help families whose civil rights activities had landed them in trouble, and until very recently the fund did just that. A black family in Mississippi which sent its seven children to white schools under the "freedom of choice" plan found itself jobless and in danger of losing its home; the Family Aid Fund gave the family an emergency grant to hold off the lawyers and buy the groceries. A black girl in South Carolina integrated one of the white high schools and, instead of being at the top of her class, suddenly found herself doing so poorly that, although she was admitted to a college, she lost her chances for a scholarship. The Family Aid Fund sent her a small stipend so

James Fallows is an editor of The Washington Monthly. *Research for this article was supported by The Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

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she could buy books. A black man in Alabama announced his candidacy for a local office and soon afterwards became tied up in obscure legal trouble with tax collectors and the state; the Family Aid Fund gave him some money too. The director of a black agricultural cooperative discovered that he could buy fertilizer at half-price if he bought it in the fall instead of the spring. The banks would not approve an early loan and the foundations couldn't fit the mistimed request into their grant schedules, so the Family Aid Fund helped him put up the capital. In these cases and others, the Fund's distinguishing traits were its flexibility and the humanity on a personal scale of its effect. It didn't start the year with a tightly apportioned budget, so it was able to meet needs as they arose. As one of the Fund's administrators explained to me, "If someone calls at 10 and needs money, we can have the check ready by 11."

Much of the money for the Family Aid Fund came from the Ford Foundation, which until very recently had been providing $100,000 annually. Last summer, Ford announced that it would have only $25,000 for the Family Aid Fund; the people in Atlanta are still waiting to see even that amount. Because the Ford money has stopped, the AFSC has not made any grants from the Fund since last November.*

■ The Southern Regional Council works out of the same ugly brown building, but instead of occupying one office the SRC fills several floors.

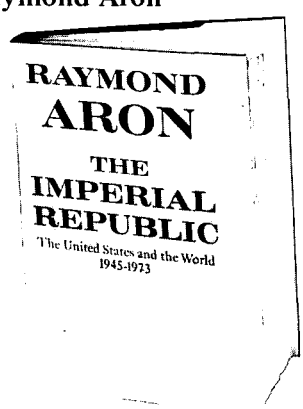
In the midst of general hard times for foundation-sponsored projects in the South, the SRC has held its own somewhat more successfully than most. In the slightly less than two years since George Esser took over as executive director of the SRC, the organization's staff has doubled (to about 60), and its budget has nearly quadrupled (to $2.2 million for 1973-74). The Ford Foundation, which was Esser's employer immediately before he joined the SRC, has increased its support from $400,000 in the pre-Esser days to something like $1 million now. (While Ford is the largest single donor, most of the rest of the money also comes from foundations, including Carnegie and Rockefeller.)

The ascent of the SRC and the simultaneous withering of the AFSC and many other small groups is an important indicator of social change in the South. The Administration's

*I spoke with Bryant George, a middle-aged black man with a flair for self-dramatization who is Ford's grants officer for many of the southern projects, about the SRC and the American Friends. "They were supposed to be using that money to help families," he said of the Family Aid Fund. "Where did it go? You try to find out. I know that they were using some of it to send people to *conferences*." (AFSC spokesmen say that the "conferences" amounted to a trip to Washington to try to keep a local hospital from being closed.) Several minutes later he showed me a picture of himself with five or six black community leaders from the South, a photo taken in Nigeria, where Ford had flown them to see community-development projects in action.

THE IMPERIAL REPUBLIC

by Raymond Aron



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revenue-sharing policies have, at least for the time being, taken the federal government out of the business of financing political and economic change. (The categorical government programs of the 1960s, whatever their faults, were the major source of income redistribution, both from the rest of the nation to the South, and to the poorer people of the South.) Revenue sharing has, by the same

George Esser

process, dramatically enhanced the foundations' significance, since they are now virtually the only non-commercial entities capable of investing in a region that has had an abundant supply of ideas for reform but few resources of its own to devote to the cause. Members of the South's liberal community have, in at least one way, partaken of the region's colonial status, for they have rarely been both able and willing to finance expensive social change. When that change has taken place, it has usually been paid for from the outside.

Several church groups, notably the Catholic Campaign for Human Development and various Presbyterian funds, have put money into Southern projects, but on the whole the funds are coming straight down from foundation headquarters in Manhattan. In their decision to make the SRC the outpost of foundation life in the South, the philanthropists have suggested how dear they hold appearance, and performance, how cheap.

Any organization must live with its past, and in the case of the SRC that is a distinct disadvantage. The SRC is one of the oldest bi-racial civil rights groups in the region; it was set up in the closing months of World War II by several hundred white Southerners who joined with a group of blacks in declaring that "compulsory segregation" was wrong. Considering the time and the social surroundings, the early SRC was indisputably one of the more progressive and radical forces for racial justice in the South. During the 1950s it helped establish Councils on Human Rights in most of the Southern states; these groups were to serve as ombudsmen of racial issues and to pave the way for civil rights legislation during the 1960s.

In partial testimony to its effectiveness, the SRC came in for some rough treatment at Joe McCarthy's hands and was even denounced by Herman Talmadge, who devoted part of his 1955 book, *You and Segregation*, to its activities. But it was only when the civil rights movement attained some kind of national following in the 1960s that the SRC enjoyed its finest moments. In those days the SRC received the same kind of national encomia as were given such Southern liberals as Ralph McGill of *The Atlanta Constitution*.

By the end of the decade the movement had gone elsewhere and the SRC was nearly out of steam. The "thoughtful" and "well-documented" reports on Southern social conditions that had always been the SRC's staple did keep appearing throughout the decade; even in 1968, the council produced Paul Good's excellent study of the rural poor, *Cycle of Poverty*, and helped sponsor *Hunger USA*, a report that fits, with Michael Harrington's *The Other America*, in the very small category of exposes that had a fairly clear and immediate effect on public policy.

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For all the virtues of the reports, their approach began to seem anachronistic to many blacks who had been involved in the civil rights movement and who were, by 1968, moving past the point where they thought documentation of the basic problems would do them much good. I was working in Alabama at the time, reporting and trying to sell ads for the *Southern Courier* (a now-defunct weekly covering the civil rights beat in the Black Belt South), and in this brief immersion in the culture of the black poor I saw again and again that mention of the SRC would draw tired sighs from those involved in the day to day work of integration and economic reform. The SRC reports were handsomely printed but they seemed to mean more to grants officers in New York than to the people they described.

The late-sixties drift continued into the seventies, when the 100-member SRC board began looking for tactful ways to ease out the director, Paul Anthony (none but tactful ways would have suited the organization's basic gentility; "this is," one SRC member told me, "the kind of place where no one is ever fired."). In the spring of 1971, the Council issued a manifesto calling for new directions in SRC policy. "At various times in its history, changing circumstances have confronted the Southern Regional Council with the need to reexamine its assumptions, structure, and functions in the light of new imperatives. This is such a time," it read in part.

Even before Anthony was gone, the board was bitterly divided on the question of his successor. Anthony, like the previous SRC directors, was white; the black members of the board said *en masse* that enough was enough, the next director would have to be black. Some members of the board say that the position was offered, in turn, to Julian Bond and Andrew Young; both declined. Then the SRC turned to George Esser, a white man who though he was working for Ford and, as he puts it, "helping set priorities for programs in the National Affairs division," was still living in North Carolina, as he had for 20 years. Esser knew, or quickly found out, about the generalized discontent of the SRC board, and when he agreed to take the job he attached a condition: he would come only if the SRC hired a black as his associate. To fill this position the board found Harry Bowie, a black Episcopal minister who had come from New Jersey in 1964 to work with the Delta Ministry in Mississippi, had married a McComb, Mississippi girl, and had stayed there ever since. Bowie now spends most of a working week in Atlanta, but he still commutes "home" to McComb on the weekend (at the SRC's expense; Esser explained in March that the arrangement was a temporary, though ongoing, courtesy. while Bowie decided whether he would keep his family in Mississippi or move them to Atlanta), to spend time with his family and to maintain "my turf, which is a concept that becomes important to anyone who has spent time in Mississippi politics."

The Foundation Man

While Bond or Young would have brought a certain celebrity to the SRC and might have attracted a broader base of national support, Esser is in many ways a purer expression of the organization's purpose. His personal background is of fundamental importance, for in many ways George Esser is the South's version of the Foundation Man.

After his graduation from Harvard Law School in the late forties, Esser, a native of Virginia, came back down South, to North Carolina and the Institute of Government at Chapel Hill. By virtue of its university and its "progressive" governors, North Carolina has established a reputation as the think-tank of the South; its Institute of Government was, especially during the 1950s, one of the more important elements of the

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state's intellectual system. Another of the important elements was Terry Sanford, who as the state's governor in the 1960s drew the Thinkers into public service and whose reputation for enlightened politics was such that instead of retiring to business or a law practice when his term was over, he has become a very active president of Duke University.

Under Sanford's tutelage, Esser was executive director of the "North Carolina Fund" between 1963 and 1969. The Fund, mainly supported by a Ford grant, was one of Sanford's bright-new-idea attempts to improve the state's social condition by sponsoring creative forms of community action. Its performance under Esser was widely praised, and many of the projects it sponsored became models for parts of the federal anti-poverty effort. Esser came in for some hard knocks at the Fund, especially over the question of whether he was condoning violence by supporting certain activist groups. Esser did not back off an inch, and when he left the Fund in 1969 to become Ford's roving man in the South, he left in relative glory.

Harry Bowie

For all of Esser's distinction, the fact remains that he has lived virtually his entire working life among the foundations and their satellite institutions. By now he even looks the part of the foundation executive, from his slicked-back grey hair to his dignified glasses and classy general deportment. He can sound the part, too, with his sober, deliberate speech, his virtual refusal to disagree with any opinion or shut himself off from any point of view ("I'm sensitive to that concern, I want you to know that I'm hearing you."), his capacious view of the South's future and the SRC's. If an institution ever put on suits and gave speeches, the SRC would dress and sound like Esser.

Mid-Molt

It is typical of the values under which the SRC operates that now, as Esser and Bowie approach their second anniversary on the job, everyone at the Council still talks about things being in a "transition period" or a "start-up" phase. "We're in mid-molt," Esser told me in February. "It's not really fair to judge what we've done because we haven't started to do a lot of it yet." It is, though, fair to judge what the SRC is trying to do, for its goals are clearly stated. By the end of 1972, Esser and Bowie had produced a "Program for the Seventies," outlining the new directions that would justify the SRC's continued operation and, indeed, its expansion. There were six general "strategies," which ranged from increasing the SRC's influence on Southern politics ("a growing and creative involvement of Council members in policy decision-making") and keeping in touch with the myriad local organizations that had grown up during the sixties (the SRC is only now putting such a list together), to sponsoring creative social projects, *a la* North Carolina Fund, and following up on the Council's research and reports ("carefully selected research, monitoring, and information projects which have clear cut objectives").

Like much else about the organization, the plan is admirable in concept but elusive in detail. When the SRC presented its annual budget request last fall, for example, it matched

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ambition with accomplishment via a chart which represents a mastery of the language of bureaucratic obfuscation. The first page (below) conveys the style.

The SRC is, to be sure, doing a number of useful and important things. It sponsors special programs like the Black Woman's Education Project, which has placed more than 100 people in professional jobs. It funnels some money and a good deal of advice to local community groups, and two of its community workers, John Buffington and Leon Hall, are well respected throughout the region. Its recent reports on school finance and local taxation have attracted considerable attention. Its new "Monitoring Project" is attempting to assemble detailed evidence of what revenue sharing will mean to different groups in the South. The Council is also the region's best storehouse of information on the South. But the unmistakable feel of the place is not of commitment but of self-preservation; it seems to be an organization determined to expand its influence and operations without any well-defined sense of the ends toward which it works. If it is supposed to be a center, for influential research on public policy, the conceptual timidity and general blandness of its reports subvert its political usefulness. If it can boast two fine community organizers, other Southern groups like the Delta Ministry support a staff with even more good organizers without all the officious paraphernalia.

On the day before I visited the SRC, *The New York Times* carried a two-inch item referring to one of the SRC's reports. The *Times*' readership in the South is minimal, but everyone I spoke to the next day mentioned the item; and although Esser said, "Of course, the days have passed when we would merely be content with a notice in *The New York Times*," this certification of respectability seemed to have the same sort of self-sufficient finality a good review in the *Times* would hold for a young novelist, and it was difficult to see just what else the Council had in mind by way of follow-up. (Questions about follow-up in the SRC usually lead to lists of conferences and talk about "building coalitions.")

This was merely one concise illustration of a more general impression—that the teeth had been stripped from

TABLE I

SRC OBJECTIVES FOR 1973, PROGRESS, AND OBJECTIVES FOR 1974 - 75

Strategy	Objectives for 1973	Progress in 1973	Objectives 1974-75
#1 There must be a growing and creative involvement of Council members in policy decision making, program development and implementation, and this initiative must be accompanied by an expanded involvement of Southerners from all walks of life in Council activities to understand critical issues and seek solutions to basic problems.	a. Continue organization of, and program development within, the four task force problem areas defined in this document (housing, health, economic development, and education), including the involvement of Council members in program development and implementation. b. Continue to expand involvement of a cross section of Southerners in the work of SRC task forces and projects. c. Establish one or two additional task forces (e.g. Administration of Justice; Environment).	A. A good start toward significant involvement of Council members and other Southerners in program development and implementation was made during this year. This was a "start-up" year in terms of research and materials on basic issues affecting the region, and task force steering committee members were involved primarily by individual contact in relation to the progress of research. More intensive use of the steering committees and other Council members will evolve as the Council program moves toward follow-up in the states of the region on issues for which published materials are becoming available. B. Investigative Research. A special temporary task force of southern journalists, newspaper editors, TV managers, and other concerned Southerners was established to help design and implement the now-funded southern Investigative Research Project. An Advisory Board, representative of Southern journalism and interests in investigative research, has been appointed. Non-Council members were appointed to increase the involvement of a cross-section of Southerners in our projects. C. Displacement of Black Educators. A regional conference on this problem was co-sponsored by SRC, the National Urban League Regional Office, the National Education Association and Clark College's Southern Center for Studies in Public Policy. This conference, held in June 1973, involved many local community groups from states across the South. Efforts are being made to form coalitions in several communities to deal with the problem as a follow-through from the conference.	a. Continue program development within the four task force problem areas defined in this program. b. Place priority on the involvement of Council members and staff in devising and implementing ways - such as seminars, workshops, consultation, and publicity - to help individuals and representatives of a wide range of organizations in the several states to become informed on the results of Council research into issues affecting development in the region. c. Continue to expand involvement of Southerners in the work of SRC task forces and projects, and help encourage communication between those Southerners.

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an important gear in the SRC's mental machinery. Among most of the reform groups which have had a long-term impact—not merely southern organizations like the American Friends or the Federation of Southern Cooperatives or the Delta Ministry, but also the whole national sector of which Ralph Nader is emblematic—observers can usually sense that the reformers have kept their eye on the ball. They remember why their group was set up in the first place; every day or at least every once in a while they step back to judge the quotidian activity against their original goal, whether it be the election of a local politician or the ground-breaking for a new kind of economic system. Too few people seem to remember at the SRC. Like many public institutions which judge their achievement not by their progress in the real world but by success at the game of grantsmanship and appropriation, the SRC has stopped looking outside and instead stares at its own programs and proposals. Great care is invested in the perfection of tomorrow's projects and the dreaming of tomorrow's dreams, but in the process no time is left for looking out the window at today.

Dollars Over the Cliff

A great deal of this may be traced to George Esser's view of the South, which is also the foundations'. I have no doubt that if Esser were governor of any southern state, that state would be a better place to live in than it is today. Esser is a man of genuine commitment to racial justice, and unlike many in the white-liberal community of the South, he realizes that the enemy is not just Wallace and the Klan, but includes some of the "New South" businessmen whose plan to keep the poor blacks from being forced off their farms and emigrating to Detroit and Chicago is to have them emigrate instead to Southern boom-towns like Atlanta and Jackson. There is a populist fervor to Esser's words. He is, in fact, a visionary; when talking he will leap from his chair, lock his eye on a point in the distant sky, talking and pacing all the while, and then move to the large easel, which holds several charts and flip through them until he finds the ones showing how various political blocs will all be brought together in time for the 1976 election, or how the Council will increase its grass-roots support in the South. As he describes his dreams he makes you embarrassed to ask something as small-minded as what the SRC's doing *besides* the conferences and the outreach seminars and the annual reports. It's hard to break the flow of words, and it must be harder still to break the flow of ideas when you work inside the organization and allow yourself to believe that the dreams will all come true.

Esser's formidable intelligence has been redirected, from present to future, from earth to sky, and it's hard not to conclude that in this he partakes of the philosophy of those foundations where he has spent so much time. Dreams *are* the criterion for obtaining each new grant. For the potential grantee, there is often more emotional reality in the preparation of the request and in working for its final approval than in anything that's later done to carry out the programs. This is a pattern familiar from government: the rest of the year people may leave early, but at appropriation time they're putting in extra hours. Men live for the budget; it is the jury delivering the verdict, the teacher handing down the report card, the measure of accomplishment or defeat, above all more important than what will happen during the rest of the year when the budget is simply administered. It is the perfectly understandable, individual need to believe in tomorrow, to pass a milestone of success or failure, magnified to a scale on which it warps the performance of whole institutions.

Those dispensing the money are also part of the system. The foundation grant officers may find that their careers depend on the dreams, for the

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dreams are what they sell at the foundation board meetings, the dreams are the stuff of their accomplishments and their hopes for promotion. An old idea re-funded is just an old idea, but a new idea is a new horizon. By now Esser must understand instinctively that if he is to keep bringing in the grants, he must keep generating enthusiasm for some *new* idea that will make a difference in the South. "One time I mentioned that we should start at the southern border of one of our states and work our way up and try to fix everything in the state," says Patricia Derien, a stylish young woman from Jackson, Mississippi, who is Democratic National Committeewoman for her state and also *enfant terrible* of the SRC executive board. "The reply was that the foundation would say, 'You can't just go to the edge of the cliff and throw a million dollars over.' So here we are, lying at the edge of the cliff and dropping it over, one dollar at a time. Whether we're able to keep throwing it will depend on George's skill at making the foundations think each year that they're being seduced anew, that it's a fresh idea each time and that they're never having the same experience twice."

A Chamberlain's Ambition

Esser's great talent of knowing how to ask for what the foundations want to pay for grows from another factor: the password and secret handshake he learned during his years as a foundation apprentice. The old-boy network means, as Esser put it, that "one of the advantages I may bring to this organization is a relation of confidence with many of the other organizations, including the foundations. Rightly or wrongly the foundations have confidence in me and Harry. McGeorge Bundy and Mitchell Sviridoff [director of Ford's national affairs division] are depending on me to push things to the nth degree without toppling them down on our heads." The steady supply of new dreams from Esser keeps them from having to look too closely at how the old dreams have actually turned out. It doesn't really matter that the SRC has invested several million dollars in its two-year warm up, as long as the future is still bright. The money may have been well spent or squandered; the foundations can't really be sure. Esser the trusted man says, "No foundation has come down to look at what we're doing in an operational sense."

At the end of all the dreams is a core-hollowness, because no one is sure where the projects and the grants should lead. When Esser does talk about ultimate aims, he often talks about bringing blocs together, about touching base with the various interest groups in the South. In one of our conversations he walked to the easel and flipped through to find one of the most important examples of this approach, the "Southern Growth Policies Board" (also supported by Ford). The "new breed" of southern politicians—the governors of the Bumpers-Askew-Carter variety—has, like the foundations, invested its trust in the SRC. Recently the Southern governors created their growth policies board, a planning body which, from early indications, will take the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce as its philosophic lodestone. When one of the governors phoned Esser to ask him whether the SRC would prepare a "human resources" report for the board, Esser was reportedly transfixed by the possibilities. Other members of the organization say that he came to them and asked, "Do you realize what this means? Do you understand?" What it meant, in short, was that the SRC would be in position, on base, so close that, it hoped, the governors would consult it when they are ready to make a decision. The SRC has prepared little policy papers on education and manpower training and other "human resource" issues, but if it has any deeper understanding of what to make of this "fabulous" opportunity, I was unable to discern it.

Its ambitions are a chamberlain's

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ambitions, not a reformer's. This is of a piece with Esser's secret hope that the SRC's position papers will provide the fodder for a new generation of liberal candidates in the 1976 elections. In revealing this plan to me Esser was sharing one of his private dreams, trusting my judgment not to mention the plan that obviously neither the foundations nor the IRS could officially countenance. If there seemed the slightest chance that the dream would be taken seriously outside Esser's office, I would have been his willing accomplice. But every detail of the setting, from the visionary chart to the postponed judgment ("until 1976 we won't really know whether we've succeeded or failed") prevented me from believing in it as deeply as I would have liked.

So eager has it been to take a seat close by the politicians, that the SRC has forgotten what it wanted to say. Nowhere is the lack of fundamental purpose more evident than among the SRC's employees themselves. Although this formula is crude, there is a way to separate reformer groups into two categories. One contains the groups that are still in business to accomplish something specific. They are often short of money, and because they can't afford to pay market rates for the talented manpower they would like to have, they do what they can to go outside the market. Some take advantage of young people during the few years when they can ignore the lack of security: this was the trick of VISTA and the Peace Corps, of the Nader operations and many other public-interest groups. Others hope to find a hard core of zealots who will live on subsistence wages: many of the civil rights groups still operating in the South sustain themselves through this kind of dedication. Other groups may borrow people from industry, offer them glamour and prestige, compete on non-monetary terms because they can't compete with money.

In the second category, which includes the foundations, a good man's work is worth a good man's pay. While no one is there to profiteer, there is no automatic virtue attached to working for a monk's wages. This is the world of the SRC. As was pointed out to me several times during my visit, men like Esser and Bowie could earn more than their present $30-40,000 in other jobs, and some of the program officers might get more than the $15-25,000 (which, in Atlanta, goes further than it would in Washington or New York) they are now being paid. This sense of personal sacrifice, together with the SRC's established position as a leading light of Southern liberalism, understandably deters those involved from close questioning of their impact and importance.

In fairness to Esser and Bowie, they began with a tremendous deficit to overcome. On arrival they found a staff which had mainly been around since the 1950s; by the time of their arrival, the SRC had won a reputation as a rest-home for tired white liberals.

HELP...

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"For better or worse we made a decision that if there were people who didn't fit our new ideas, we would try to make them fit," Esser has said. "When people are 45, 50 years old you don't just throw them out on the street. There are people here who have given their lives to the organization, and you just can't cut them off." You have to admire the humanity of Esser's decision, but unfortunately that does not change the fact that the place *is* full of people whose loyalty is confined to putting in an eight-hour day and working toward their pensions. Apart from Esser's and Bowie's, the offices are virtually deserted at 5:05 each afternoon. One need not make a religion of work to recognize that most groups that make a difference in the world don't cut off their efforts by the clock.

Apart from anything else, the SRC's fat, slack appearance distorts its work in the South, in the same way that UN advisers are handicapped from the start when they arrive at an African work site in an air-conditioned Mercedes. These tensions are most evident in a man like Harry Bowie, who in his years with Delta Ministry shared that organization's dirt-poor intimacy with the people of the region. Bowie's efforts to maintain his Mississippi connections have been suffering, according to one of his associates in the Ministry, because "people perceive him as an Atlantan now, which means big-city money here. He had to make a serious adjustment to fit into a $30,000-a-year bullshit job, and when you've adjusted out of the community into the bureaucratized life you can't fit back in." Unlike some black hustlers who rationalize their own ascent into superfly-like profiteering by considering it revenge for what the white man has been doing all along, Bowie is all too conscious of the forces at each side ripping him apart. On the one hand, the SRC brings Bowie in touch with forces the Delta Ministry will never see; it is respected, respectable, rich. But even as he makes his weekly return to Mississippi, Bowie must see the roots drying up and realize he's cut himself off from his old world.

'They Don't Want You to Succeed'

Voices from the world Bowie has left behind: Ed Cole is a Mississippi black man, who often works in a second-story office in an aging white frame house a few hundred yards from the Capitol in Jackson. Cole works for the Federation of Southern Cooperatives, an umbrella organization that, in its prime, was providing loans from a revolving fund and technical assistance to more than 100 agricultural and manufacturing cooperatives throughout the South. The Federation's prime ended in 1972 when both its main sponsors—OEO and Ford—dropped out. The OEO left after the Federation, for reasons not fully explained, refused to submit to an evaluation of its programs (the consultant's fee for the evaluation would, reportedly, have been larger than the grant), and Ford turned off its $450,000 annual support because it wanted to concentrate its efforts on a handful of co-ops instead of trying to deal with all of them.

The Ford-OEO retreat pitched the Federation into a more desperate search for funds, but now Cole says that it may all have been for the best. "We are trying to borrow money from banks now, and we have found that it is terribly hard for a co-op that's been working on grant money to make the change and start operating as a business, on loans. With a grant, you have to operate at *above* what you need, so you can keep getting the money. With a loan, it's the opposite. We find that it takes a year and a half, at least, to make the transition from foundation money to self-sufficiency. Two of the co-ops have done it now, they went from minus $15,000 each year to breaking even." Cole, a thoughtful young man with enormous pure black eyes, looked up and said: "It's almost worse taking money from the foundations than from the government. I

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"Do You Think They Read *The New Republic?*"

H. R. Haldeman to Richard M. Nixon on June 20, 1972, according to a White House tape played in Judge Sirica's court on November 27, 1973.

Nixon's reply was only partly audible. "Don't assume because a magazine . . ." It is true that we have not sent the President a copy of our audience survey. If we had, his answer might have been something like this. "Yes, people certainly do read ***The New Republic,"*** and he would have woven in these facts.

Three copies of *The New Republic* are sent to the White House every Friday. We aren't certain who reads them there but we can guess why somebody does. The most noted Nixon-watcher in the business is John Osborne of ***The New Republic.***

In **The Boys on the Bus,** Timothy Crouse writes: "It was this speculative tone which made 'The Nixon Watch' so much more useful than anything that appeared in a newspaper, for conjecture was a necessary tool in cracking the secretiveness of the Nixon Administration." Furthermore, says Crouse, "Osborne was scrupulously fair. His even-handedness, discretion, and unobstrusive manner appealed to many of the Nixon staffers. . . . It was said that Zeigler's boss, Bob Haldeman, actually liked John Osborne." *Parade* says of Osborne: "He is currently recognized as a journalist of perception, sagaciousness and unblemished reputation."

Anyway, we know who reads *The New Republic* outside the White House—the leading journalists and politicians in the capital, the brightest students, and concerned professional people. Over 80 percent of our readers are college graduates, half holding post graduate degrees.

Why do they read this weekly journal of politics and the arts? Each week ***The New Republic*** publishes the liveliest opinions available: Alexander M. Bickel (law), Stanley Kauffmann (films), John Osborne (the White House), Doris Grumbach (books), Walter Pincus (Watergate), Stanley Karnow (the latest foreign crisis), David Sanford (consumer affairs), Eliot Marshall (energy and environment), Melville J. Ulmer (economics). Also, regular columnists (in addition to Osborne) like TRB from Washington ("he's got a combination of qualities that very few people have" says James Reston of *The New York Times.* "First of all, the guy is a beautiful writer.") . . . and Ralph Nader, *In the Public Interest.*

Richard Nixon's reply to Haldeman may be missing from the tape, but we can tell you this—people who care about what's going on read ***The New Republic.*** They will read it even more closely in this important Congressional election year. See for yourself. 30 weeks for $9.95, or $13.75 for 48 weeks. Regular price: $15 per year. For cash payment with the one year offer we will send you a free copy of David Sanford's *Hot War on the Consumer* (a $5.95 value).

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don't think they really want you to succeed."

I think Cole's indictment is slightly off: Bryant George and George Esser would like nothing better than to see all their dreams come true, but I am sure that their expectations are far more realistic. Amid all the daze of proposals and seminars and new coalitions, there is precious little concern for costs and benefits in the foundation world. What concrete goals the foundations have are usually confined to one-shot projects: the studies and conferences which can be planned, held, and duly noted in the next annual report. As for the dreams, I would be surprised if anyone in New York thinks much will come of the SRC's glorious visions.

A Lesson from McNamara

The significance of this way of life is that it is not restricted to the foundations. The government is all too similar in its willingness to be seduced by sexy-looking plans and its readiness to fix its attention on proposals rather than results. Nearly every public agency was, in the beginning, created to deal with a certain defined problem. The only agency in this stage of life today is the Federal Energy Office, whose employees are forced to concentrate, every day, on what their memos and policy statements are doing about such real-world problems as gas lines and factory lay-offs. The FEO, like other agencies, will eventually set up routinized programs; and because the programs have been set up in order to solve the problem, it is entirely understandable that after a while people start equating a successfully executed program with a worthwhile assault on the problem. Since the former is much easier to measure than the latter, it may eventually become the agency's only goal. By now it is almost a cliche to point out that the two are not the same: this is what Pat Moynihan said about the social workers and poverty, and what several recent studies have shown about veterans and the Veterans Administration. The difficulty is finding some way to thwart this seemingly inevitable process of evolution and keep the officials from developing tunnel vision.

Although he has suffered in the revised history of Camelot, Robert McNamara deserves considerable respect as one of the administrators who tried hardest to raise his employees' eyes above the memos. His PPBS system in the Pentagon at least had the goal of making officials measure themselves by benchmarks set apart from the normal standards of appropriations and inter-office competition. Of course, everyone in the Defense Department soon figured out the trick to the system: McNamara was a sucker for numbers, and anything that could be quantified could be dumped in as "performance evaluation." McNamara's peculiar blind spot, while it need not apply to other evaluation systems, does suggest the enormous difficulty of getting a reasonable feel for what programs are doing out in the real world. Someone else may avoid the number-addiction only to fall prey to the appearance of administrative order, or program officers who speak well, or other quite partial measures of success.

It is no easy thing to get governments, or foundations, to judge more realistically what they are doing in the field, but of all our social needs at the moment this may be one of the more urgent. Consider, apart from everything else, the political importance. A great deal of the fuel for President Nixon's indiscriminate junking of federal programs, and of George Wallace's debunking of the pointyheads, has been the public's true perception that an enormous amount of public effort has not done much good. If the country is to begin, in 1976 or some other time, re-addressing itself to the unsolved problems of hunger and poor health and denied opportunity, it needs a far clearer idea of which of our previous efforts have succeeded and which have failed. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Modern Mourning

From Pantheon's spring catalog:

Sarah Ferguson
A GUARD WITHIN
An account of Miss Ferguson's painful adjustment to the sudden death of her psychiatrist.

To Everything There is a Season

James Roosevelt seems to have been the Donald Nixon of the thirties. In his forthcoming autobiography, *Go East, Young Man*, William O. Douglas tells about a case, while Douglas was on the SEC, in which Roosevelt tried to exercise campaign influence on behalf of a client. Douglas refused to be influenced, whereupon Jimmy told him "that any stupid fool would know the Republicans can make money anytime, but the only time the Democrats could make money was when they were in power."

Peculiar Timing

Time has a short feature called "A Letter from the Publisher" buried among the ads at the front of the magazine and unfortunately missed by many readers. In January, a run-down of letters to the editor received during the previous year contained a fact that *Time* had not bothered to reveal before and which could have been of great interest to the beleaguered White House: *Time*'s November 12 editorial calling for Nixon's resignation drew 4,500 letters of protest. It's little things like this and *The New York Times*' decision to bury the story of Egil Krogh's exculpation of Nixon on page 16 of the newspaper (reported here last month) that give Nixon's paranoia some basis in reality. The *Time* publisher made up for his sin, however, with this gem, from a reader commenting on Billy Graham's suggestion that rapists be castrated: "Bless Billy Graham for making virtue secure. Christ was so mamby-pamby about things."

Self-Help

Tim O'Brien of *The Washington Post* recently revealed that 58 former oil industry employees are holding key jobs in the Federal Energy Office. The Nixon Administration, which seems to have made "a fox in every hen house" into its first principle of management, also has asked the chief executives of 21 railroads to lend their employees to the government to staff the new United States Railway Association, which will restructure bankrupt lines in the Northeast and will be in direct competition with many of the lines from which its staff will come. One of the most interesting public service possibilities for these executives, according to Stephen M. Aug of *The Washington Star-News*, lies in the fact that the lines they recommend for abandonment by the USRA could then be acquired by their former employers.

Misplaced Modesty

By now, most people realize that the White House and the Pentagon tend to suppress news they don't like. What is not so commonly known is that their tendency runs through all levels of government. Recently Max Seigel of *The New York Times* uncovered an internal study of New York City's Health and Hospital Corporation. The study found that the city was rewarding inefficiency by giving more municipal funds to the less productive hospitals at the expense of more productive institutions. Donald Eisenberg, head of the corporation, said that the report was kept secret because, "Releasing the report would create turmoil. The inevitable reaction is that the underfunded hospitals will insist they are getting a raw deal and the overfunded will say it's destructive of their needs."

And Thomas A. Knight recalled in *The Charleston* (W. Va.) *Gazette* the time he reported that a contractor repaving a highway for the State Road Commission had buried seven manholes under a layer of concrete:

Early on the morning the story appeared in print, the contractor called me at home and demanded a meeting. . . .at [his office] trailer. . . I was confronted by 20 or 30 burly construction workers and SRC personnel jammed inside. They were angry. Very angry.

I remember a red-haired fellow from the SRC led the prosecution. He demanded, amid belligerent shouts from others, to know who had told me about the covered up manholes. Neither he nor anyone else was upset about the manholes indeed being covered. What bothered them was that the issue had been made public.

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The Flying Führerbunker

by Mary Meehan

Right now, standing on 15-minute alert at Andrews Air Force Base, is a very special jet. It is special because it is designed to serve as the President's home away from home during a nuclear war. The culmination of a 12-year program that has cost well over $100 million, this plane would be a flying command post in which the Leader of the Free World and his key advisers can ride, high above the nuclear wreckage, directing whatever shattered military forces remain.

In the last days of the Third Reich, Hitler retreated to his bunker below Berlin where he issued orders deploying vast armies in counter-attacks designed to sweep the Russians back to the Don. The battalions actually available to carry out these orders consisted of old men and children. To be sure, the Führer personally recognized the contribution of the latter. One of the more touching photo-

Mary Meehan is a Washington writer.

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graphs of the war shows Hitler standing amidst the rubble of the Reichschancellery awarding medals to a row of 12-year-olds. Perhaps our President would be able to land somewhere amid the devastation to gingerly pat the cheek of some radiated Boy Scout as one of his assistants busily photographs the event. Of course, the President's personal physician would probably advise against landing anywhere in this country.

Still, even though the joy of personal contact with the troops may be denied him, the President may find certain advantages to the flying as opposed to the underground Führerbunker. With the recent discovery of the remains of Martin Boorman, it now seems clear that the underground version was pretty much of a no-exit proposition. With wings, however, the President could fly away to South America. This would reverse the unfortunate precedent of World War II when none of the top war criminals

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escaped and only the lower-ranking Nazis reached Argentina and Brazil. In addition, if the President happened to be the present incumbent, he might be able to guard against the possibility of the survival of Congress by selecting a country with no extradition treaty. There he could sit in the sunset, thinking fondly of fallen comrades, secure in the knowledge that he had protected the Presidency.

We owe all of these possibilities to the foresight of the military. The plane on the runway at Andrews is but one of seven in the Flying Führerbunker Fleet. The three at Andrews are reserved for the President, other high officials, presidential advisers, and a large military staff. Another three are assigned to Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command (SAC), for use by the SAC Commander and his staff during a nuclear exchange. The seventh plane is used for research and development.

The Air Force would like the fleet to be Boeing 747s, but Congress has approved just three huge jets for duty at Andrews and one "test bed" 747 to perfect the command post system. In case of nuclear war, members of the Strategic Air Command may have to make do with the older Boeing 707s.

The three spanking new 747s, when deployed, will be called an Advanced Airborne National Command Post, or AABNCP. The lucky plane actually used to carry the President would be called the National Emergency Airborne Command Post or NEACP.

During the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, citizens who were uneasy about the Bomb could take some comfort in the democratic notion that if worse came to worst the President would be here, taking his lumps with the rest of us. True, the President had access to special bomb shelters, but these might be vulnerable to a direct hit; this, it was thought, might well temper the President's enthusiasm for a nuclear encounter.

In the early 1960s, however, the military began to worry about what would happen to the nation if it were left without a commander-in-chief to finish a nuclear war. The Strategic Air Command had already taken steps to prevent its leaders from being caught on the ground; in 1960, it placed five communications planes on ground alert, ready to take off in case of trouble. The following year SAC went to airborne alert, with at least one command plane, complete with a small "battle staff," in the air at all times. By 1972, this SAC fleet had expanded to almost 30 planes, including several flying command posts.

The military could see that it would not do to have the SAC commander flying around during a nuclear war while the President stayed in a vulnerable bomb shelter. In the White House, the argument was all the more persuasive. So, in 1962 three Boeing 707s were converted into airborne command posts for the President and other high officials. The planes carried sophisticated communications equipment to ensure presidential contact with the military in event of a nuclear war. Advanced as they seemed at the time, the planes were replaced by an even more grandly equipped version of the 707 during the Johnson Administration. As the military became more dependent on computers, it became clear that the 707s would not be large enough to carry all the necessary hardware. If the fleet were converted to larger planes, there would also be room for more battle staff and a greater fuel capacity, which would enable the President to stay aloft longer. So far, Congress has approved replacement of only four of the planes by new 747s, deferring the other three for reasons of both cost and technical difficulty.

On the Sea, In the Sky, Under the Mud

The flying command post is by no means the only idea the Pentagon has experimented with in its desire to protect the Commander-in-Chief.

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When Robert McNamara was Secretary of Defense he experimented with Floating Führerbunkers. One was a converted carrier, the *Wright*; and the other a converted cruiser, the *Northampton*. Each was fitted with accommodations for large staffs and with special communications equipment. President Kennedy used the *Northampton* at least once to observe naval and marine maneuvers in the Atlantic. The ships were, however, decommissioned in 1970, perhaps because they had become vulnerable to tracking by Russian spy satellites. "Why don't they use a submarine?" Eugene McCarthy asked recently. He suggested a tunnel from the White House to the shore of the Potomac, with a special sub waiting there. But before the President thankfully concludes that McCarthy has been converted to his support, he might reflect that, at low tide on the Potomac, a submarine would be mired in mud.

Meanwhile, the underground command centers have not been forgotten. There are still several around the country for use by top military commanders. The theory seems to be that the more command posts there are, and the more different kinds, the greater the chances that at least one group of leaders will survive to direct the war.

The Flying Führerbunker is, however, indisputably the front-runner. Since the early 1960s, the Pentagon has been working on steady improvements in the command posts to keep up with developments in technology. Congressional hearings during this period include many references to new and better communications equipment and computers. Wading through testimony about improved software, more complete interface, a larger data base, and so forth, it seems that the logical next step would be to forget about the President entirely and just orbit a computer.

Most of what we know about the Flying Führerbunkers comes from the portions of these hearings that have been made public. For example, in 1972 then-Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird told a House Appropriations subcommittee, "We have felt for some time that our command and control was the weakest link in the deterrent and that fixing it was a first priority problem." Laird seemed especially alarmed by the overcrowding aboard the smaller 707:

> First, it is a fact that on our command and control aircraft now we can't even get all of the equipment that is needed and necessary. . . . Before a person can go to the back of the plane, everyone has to move out of his chair. Even the people who are operating the equipment must move—you can hardly get through back to the quarters where the command authority will be. These aircraft are really loaded down. . . .

The same year, in supporting funds for the larger planes, Senators John Stennis and Henry Jackson also complained that the 707 had very little space for the President and his top advisers. Senator Stennis declared that the space reserved for the President "is only slightly larger than the elevators in the Old Senate Office Building. In these cramped quarters the President and his advisers would be expected to make and order the crucial diplomatic and military decisions of life and death. . . ." Those of us left on the ground—facing certain life and death problems of our own—can appreciate the problems of an airborne President who barely has enough room to put his feet up.

At the same time that it was asking for more of the big 747s, the Pentagon was also trying to increase the number of officials who would be airborne during a nuclear war. The European, Pacific, and Atlantic commanders now have 707 flying command posts, and the commander of North American Air Defense (NORAD) is waiting in line for his.

Men like Stennis and Jackson apart, Congress generally lacks the Pentagon's enthusiasm for the project. The most recent indication of this came at the end of last year, when a House-Senate conference committee declared that no money should be

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spent on the final three 747s until a lot more of the technical details were perfected. The cost of the various command posts—burrowing, floating, and flying—had reached at least $750 million by the end of 1971. If Congress eventually approves the rest of the 747s that the Air Force wants, the full 747 fleet will have added another $500 million or so to the bill.

Spartan Conditions

Much of the congressional testimony about the command post is censored, presumably on security grounds. Although we know little about the plane's decor, one certainty is that it will not look like an ordinary 747. For one thing, there will be all those computers. For another, there will be a "battle staff" of 39 servicemen (divided among the three services) and a separate flight crew of seven. Apparently there will also be room for between 35 and 100 presidential advisers and staff members. So it seems that the 747 command post will carry only 80 to 150 people altogether, compared with the commercial 747's passenger capacity of 380 to 495. Clearly the computers (which talk to each other in a special language called JOVIAL) and the other equipment take up a great deal of space.

Another feature of the new command post, when perfected, will be protection from electromagnetic pulse (EMP), an annoying side-effect of nuclear explosions which interferes with communications. The pilot will not be able to avoid EMP merely by keeping the plane away from target areas, because the pulse has a very wide range. In its efforts to develop fool-proof protection systems, the Pentagon will use a device which can fire a burst of simulated EMP at the 747 set aside for research and development.

If and when the Presidential command posts are perfected, the passenger compartment may be windowless. This innovation would minimize the EMP problem, and it may have a salutary psychological effect as well, since it would insulate the computer-based deliberations about nuclear strategy from visual reminders of what was actually happening on the ground.

Melvin Laird has stressed that the old command posts are not fancy, and, "Even with the new configuration this is not going to be a pleasant or plush place to have your national command authority. I can assure you of that." It certainly will be a comfort to the dead and dying down below to know that those alive and well in the Flying Führerbunker will not be living in excessive luxury.

The congressional testimony does not make clear just who will be responsible for drawing up the passenger list. It comes as no surprise to learn that the Pentagon has been discussing lists with the White House, but the public record does not reveal whether the President, the National Security Council, or someone else will make the final decision. The only passengers who seem assured of a seat on the plane are the President, the Secretary of Defense, their alternates or successors, and probably the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Whether the Joint Chiefs will bring their espionage corps along is uncertain, but it seems clear that Bebe Rebozo and King Timahoe will have to be left behind.

Congressional leaders are also not likely to be included. They may still find protection, however, for a large bomb shelter was prepared for them during the era when many families were building their own. The value of the shelter was questioned by the late Senator Richard Russell in a 1963 colloquy with Robert McNamara:

Chairman Russell. What has ever happened to the hole we dug for the Members of the Congress? Is that under you or is that under somebody else?

Secretary McNamara. I believe that that is the responsibility of the Office of Emergency Planning.

Chairman Russell. I was thinking maybe you could use that. I don't believe there will be a single Member of Congress able to find it. I am not sure I could find it again. I did

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locate it after two days.

If it has any potential value, I suggest you look it over and see if it couldn't be used for other purposes, because I am satisfied none of the Members of Congress will ever make it. . . .

America's Churchill

If there were a surprise attack on the United States, there would have to be split-second timing to get the President from the White House over to Andrews and up in the air before the bombs hit Washington. It might be even more difficult to get some of the other dignitaries out to Andrews on time. If an attack were launched from Russian submarines off the East Coast, the warning might come just five or 10 minutes ahead of the bombs. That's a little too close for comfort, and there is always the possibility that the President and other leaders could not make it.

The most likely situation in which the presidential command post might be used would be not a massive surprise attack but a case of gradual escalation from verbal threats to the real thing. If there were another eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation like the 1962 showdown over Cuba, and if this time nobody blinked, the President and his advisers could take off in the command post to let the Russians know that they were serious and were not about to let the Russians wipe out our leaders in a surprise attack. From the Russians' point of view, this might look suspiciously like preparation for a U. S. first strike. And as Senator J. William Fulbright noted in a 1972 Senate debate, the President's resort to the skies might also raise some questions among the American people:

> I can imagine now how it would affect the country if there were an alert, and the next thing they heard was that danger was threatening the country, that the President and all his staff had boarded a plane and taken off and left the United States to whatever fate it may suffer.
>
> I am sure that in England, during World War II, when Churchill was standing there,

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trying to encourage his people to resist, it would have been a strange sight if he had taken off in a plane instead.

Rep. Robert Sikes had made the same point in a hearing earlier in 1972. Most of the reply to his question was deleted from the record, but in his next comment Rep. Sikes referred to "the press contingent." Does this mean there would be a press pool aboard the command post? Members of the Washington press corps may be surprised and touched to learn of such White House solicitude for their role.

No Place is Perfect

Air Force General Otto Glasser told a House subcommittee in 1972 that the command post would fly "within the vicinity of the continental United States. It would go off and leave from areas of expected attack and orbit, move around at random and would be unpredictable as to where it is." No doubt it would try to avoid flying near potential targets in the United States: missile sites and SAC bases, submarine bases, large industrial areas, large cities, and so forth. Unfortunately, this would not leave much safe air space for the presidential jet. There are many large cities in the East; the Midwest has missile sites and air bases; New Mexico has storehouses for extra nuclear bombs; Colorado has the underground NORAD center; California has large cities and makes weapons; and so forth.

The 747 flies at altitudes ranging from 30,000 to 45,000 feet; its maximum speed is around 600 miles an hour. It can fly for about 16 hours without refueling. If tankers are available according to plan, it could stay up indefinitely—perhaps until the worst of the fallout is over.

Yet sooner or later the President and his entourage would have to land. This is the "yes, but. . . ." complication in the Pentagon's otherwise thorough plans. The few Americans who might survive a nuclear war are not likely to have any feelings of warmth toward their commander-in-chief. If nuclear rubble and unfriendly neighbors rule out a lengthy stay in this country, a world tour by the presidential jet (even if limited to the southern hemisphere) is likely to face similar difficulties.

All the interesting technical data about the flying command post is of a slightly different coloration, depending on whether you imagine yourself as one of the passengers or whether you remember that you will probably be on (or under) the ground. "What about the rest of us?" you might be tempted to say. "What will happen to us?" It might be fair to say that our prospects are not too good. Herman Kahn's protestations to the contrary, it is likely than an all-out attack on the United States might kill 80 per cent or more of us. But your Commander-in-Chief will be flying around above the wreckage, getting even with the Russians and making plans for the next generation of peace. ■

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Memo of the Month

MEMORANDUM

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
SOCIAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

TO : Mr. Louis Zawatzky

DATE : January 4, 1974

REFER TO: IAD 245

FROM : Frank G. Matejik

SUBJECT: Highlight Report for the Week Ending January 4, 1974

ITEMS RECOMMENDED FOR THE COMMISSIONER

None

ITEMS FOR THE ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

IV. Continuing activities:

1. Negative

for Gary E. Good
Frank G. Matejik

OA:AC:301

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New Hope for Parents—A Way to Beat the Costs of College

by Walter Shapiro

There in the middle of *The New York Times* was the kind of old-fashioned human interest story that says something important about the way we live. Last November, Pierre G. Lundberg, a state judge from Long Island, announced his retirement from the bench at the ripe old age of 47. Lundberg—in perfect health, praised by his colleagues, and untouched by even a hint of scandal—explained that he was returning to the private practice of law. This was just about heresy in a state like New York (disproportionately rich in legal talent and those who believe they have it), where judgeships are often the result of 15 years of assiduous political maneuvering. Lundberg's decision was somewhat akin to George Meany leaving the AFL-CIO to return to repairing leaky pipes.

In explaining his decision to leave the bench, the Suffolk County judge was refreshingly candid—the $37,000-a-year salary just wasn't enough. Although Lundberg's statement may have disgusted many trying to get by on one third as much, earning more than 97 per cent of all working Americans is scant comfort when you have five children who will soon be entering college. For college costs, more than any other expense in contemporary life, are what deprive even many high-salaried professionals of any feelings of real financial comfort.

By next fall, room, board, and tuition at schools like Harvard and Yale will cost in the neighborhood of $5,400—and that doesn't include such sundries as clothes, transportation to and from school, books, and the inevitable telephone calls home for money. But financial problems are far from limited to students who opt for a university with an historic name. The cost of attending many run-of-the-mill private colleges now runs to more than $4,000 a year. These staggering figures are the culmination of more than a decade in which tuition

Walter Shapiro is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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rates at private schools have risen at an annual rate of 6.9 per cent.

The situation is a little better if you live in a state like California, Michigan, Wisconsin, or New York, where you can send a child to a leading state institution for something closer to $3,000 and not sacrifice much academic prestige. But take a look at the dilemma facing a typical family that has only two children in college (one attending a private school, the other enrolled at the state university). Suddenly they must come up with about $11,000 in additional income (enough to produce $8,000 after taxes) to absorb these yearly college costs.

And there is little way most families can get off the hook. Since the era of the immigrant push-cart peddler working 14-hour days to put a son through medical school, parents have been expected to sacrifice to provide the best possible education for their children. This assumption is widely shared by college scholarship offices, middle-class parents, and educational economists (who call these payments "inter-generational transfers"), but the implications of these parental responsibilities are rarely discussed. Children are never asked whether they want parents who scrimp and save to put aside money for their college educations. A father who settled for a much smaller income in order to spend more time with his family probably feels rather guilty about not providing for the educational future of his children.

What is so galling about the financial problems of upper-income families with college-age children is that they are not really recognized by the legion of non-profit "think tanks" who unendingly study the funding of higher education. These analyses (typical is *Higher Education: Who Pays? Who Benefits? Who Should Pay?* issued last year by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education) have two major concerns—the financial problems of the institutions themselves and the plight of the disadvantaged student. Rather than providing

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any succor for the middle-income—but frequently hard-pressed—parent, the Carnegie report recommends "charging higher tuition to those who can afford to pay it" and using this money to "provide more aid to students from low income families." The Carnegie Commission's quaint notion that only the poor have trouble affording higher education may stem in part from the way they understate college expenses by dealing only with aggregate figures and average costs. Even so, they should have suspected that something might be amiss when they discovered that the median cost of attending a private university in 1972 was a hefty $3,354.

Trapped by Your Children

As we have observed more than once in this magazine, contemporary America is filled with thousands of white-collar workers trapped in jobs that provide little fulfillment or satisfaction. It is easy to mock the eagerness with which these people seize upon the perquisites of their position—be they glorified titles, Danish modern office furniture, or salaries over $25,000. Yet many of these people are genuinely afraid of what might happen to their families if they ever stepped out of their secure little niches. The problem is more than just finding a personally rewarding job that would put food on the table and gas in the car. It it also worrying about how they can afford the things that really matter in life—things like paying for the college educations of their children.

For many breadwinners, the fears begin long before the first child is ready for college. Some efforts at saving for college are often made rather early in the game. But 15 years ago, even the most doting of parents was unlikely to have anticipated that four years at an Ivy League school would today cost more than $20,000. As a result, many career decisions are undoubtedly premised on the need to produce that additional $11,000 a year by age 40 to send two children to college. It is difficult to quantify the impact these educational costs may have on the attitudes that many Americans bring to their work. But one can see why a parent would avoid taking any serious risks knowing that Johnny will be starting college in the fall. Employers who have tried to recruit talented people for challenging assignments that involve some financial sacrifice recognize all too well the sincerely meant refusal that begins, "I really would like to do it, but with David at Oberlin and Sandy in high school . . . ."

Obviously, scholarships and loans alleviate some of the unfortunate side-effects of high college costs. Although half the student body at some schools may receive some form of financial aid, it is easy to overstate its impact. It has often been observed that the efforts of many colleges and universities to increase minority group enrollment tightened the availability of scholarship money for other

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students. Moreover, the size of scholarship funds has not kept pace with the steady increase in college tuition. A new study, *Paying for College*, by the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, examines scholarship funds available at nine private colleges (including Harvard, Princeton, MIT and Mount Holyoke) and concludes that even these well-endowed institutions will find it impossible to boost financial aid to meet any future tuition increases. Instead, the report suggests that these limited scholarship funds be supplemented by an increased reliance on federally supported student loans.

Yet an examination of the student loan program indicates that it provides only a limited amount of relief for middle-income parents. The maximum a student can borrow while an undergraduate is $7,500—just a fraction of the total cost at private and many public institutions. Families with an adjusted income of between $11,000 and $15,000 a year are finding it difficult to demonstrate sufficient "need" to qualify for any federally-subsidized loan (repayment is deferred until the student leaves school and the government absorbs all interest above seven per cent.) Although there is another federally guaranteed loan program for families who do not qualify for the interest subsidy, the massive paperwork it requires makes it extremely unpopular with the private lenders who provide most of the funds for government loan programs. Even reform of these programs will provide scant comfort for many middle-income families. New legislation expected to pass Congress this year will do little to help students from families with an adjusted income of more than $15,000.

From Meritocracy to Aristocracy

Underlying the Sloan Foundation report is a sobering message—a generation of democratization at our leading colleges and universities may be at an end. Although the admissions offices at selective Eastern schools used to give strong preference to prep school graduates and the offspring of blue-blooded alumni, by the mid-1960s, even schools like Princeton were making strenuous efforts to admit a significantly broader cross-section of students. With tuition levels and room and board costs considerably lower than they are today and scholarships often available, it became possible for a number of schools to boast, "We make sure that no student we admit is unable to attend because of financial difficulties." Despite the continued commitment of admissions offices to social pluralism, economic realities have begun to swing the pendulum in the other direction. With aid programs increasingly targeted at the disadvantaged student, the offspring of many middle-income families may no longer be able to attend the more selective private universities, limiting the pool of potential students to the poor and the very comfortable.

Although we are often reluctant to

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admit it, *where* you attend college may be almost as important as *whether*. In any economy where there seem to be considerably more talented college graduates than challenging jobs available (especially in such "glamour" fields as publishing and television), it is difficult to deny that an elite degree gives a job applicant a certain edge. (I suspect that if most of us encountered a Harvard graduate driving a taxi, we'd assume he was doing it out of choice, not because he couldn't get a better job.) Banks like the Chase Manhattan have two types of training programs for college graduates. Alumni of New York area schools such as Fordham and Brooklyn College are channeled into the program designed to produce branch managers—a job analogous to running an A&P—in remote sections of Queens. The other program—where three-piece suits and an Ivy League pedigree are the sine qua non—is, of course, the training ground for future bank vice presidents.

Public higher education fosters its own elitism as well. A study just released by the admissions office at the University of Michigan revealed that the average undergraduate comes from a family with a yearly income between $20,000 and $24,000. One-third of Michigan's class of 1977 come from four upper-income Detroit suburbs which contain less than two per cent of the state's population. Many other states follow some variant of the California model, with a three-tier system of state university campuses, state colleges and community colleges. Since residential institutions are significantly more expensive than commuter schools, it is not surprising that in 1971 about 60 per cent of the students in the University of California system came from families making *more* than $12,000 a year, while 60 per cent of the community college students came from families earning *less*. This means that the wealthier students are the prime beneficiaries of public higher education, since it has been estimated that the state subsidy per student was roughly 250 per cent greater at the University of California than at the community colleges.

Special Pleading Pure and Simple

Since the expenses of attending public and private colleges will continue to rise, there are only two ways that these costs can be absorbed without accelerating the current trend of sorting students out based on their ability to pay. One approach would be to decrease the percentage of an institution's budget that comes from student tuition. The other would be to develop new scholarship or loan programs to offset the inevitable increase in the cost of obtaining a college education.

As a rule of thumb, tuition provides a little less than 20 per cent of the cost of educating a student in a public institution. This 80 percent "tuition gap" is usually made up by appropriations from the state government. For a public institution to roll back tuition (or to even hold the line while costs were rising) would require an increase in this governmental subsidy. Although this solution is not very realistic in an era of tight state budgets, it appeals to many liberals who argue that a college education benefits society as a whole, as well as the individual student. (The foreword to the Carnegie report began with the assertion, "Benefits from higher education flow to all, or nearly all, persons in the United States directly or indirectly. . . ." In contrast, Milton Friedman has said, "I have tried time and again to get those who make this argument to be specific about alleged social benefits. Almost always the answer is simply bad economics." The conservative economist has labeled this emphasis on these amorphous public benefits as "special pleading pure and simple.") According to Carnegie Commission figures, an increase in the public subsidy for college education would disproportionately benefit students from high-income

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families. In 1971, students whose families earned more than $15,000 received 27.6 per cent of the benefits of government support for higher education, although these students made up only 16.4 per cent of the college-age population.

The situation is somewhat different at private colleges and universities, which derive about three-fifths of their income from student tuition (the remainder comes from gifts, endowment, and government support, both state and federal). It is impossible for most private colleges (many of whom have dipped into their endowment to meet recent deficits) to even consider rolling back tuition unless they could make up the lost funds with more government aid. Since private colleges tend to cater to the offspring of affluent families, increased government backing would represent an income transfer from the general taxpayer (whose children, in all likelihood do not attend college or enroll at low-cost community colleges) to the upper middle class.

The alternative, of course, is to expand the scholarship and loan programs. Scholarships, however, are inevitably arbitrary. If it is difficult for a society to determine what is a fair rate of taxation, it is infinitely harder for an educational institution to calculate what proportion of a family's resources should be devoted to higher education. Moreover, scholarship money cannot be made widely available to middle-class students (for the same reason that rules out tuition cuts) without significantly increasing public subsidy of higher education.

Low Earnings, Large Debt

Loans with repayment to be made out of future earnings represent the only realistic way for students to take financial responsibility for their own educations. Most loan programs, however, have drawbacks that extend far beyond the difficulties of finding a lender willing to commit funds for educational borrowing. Loans for non-repossessable items like a college degree are inherently short-term. (Under current regulations, government-backed loans must be repaid within 10 years of leaving school.) This means that recent college graduates are confronted with the burden of making fixed loan payments during their twenties when their earnings are apt to be the lowest of their careers. The first years away from college should be for many a time of vocational experimentation. The logic behind the establishment of programs like the Peace Corps was that these post-college years represent the only period in the lives of many when the demands of self-sacrifice do not seriously conflict with the responsibilities of home and family. The burden of educational debt, however, may convince many recent college graduates that they cannot afford idealism. Students who worry about this debt may be channeled into purely vocational programs, recognizing that academic experimentation is an expensive luxury for which they will be paying all too soon.

Almost all of these problems could be circumvented through a program of income-contingent, deferred college loans, first suggested by Milton Friedman in 1955. Such a plan would spread repayment of room, board, and tuition costs over most of a student's earning life—especially the later working years when one can most easily afford repayment. Just lengthening the term of student loans would lessen the burden that borrowing places on recent college graduates. Ideally, these deferred loans would carry the principle of scholarships one step further and make a student's repayment schedule contingent on future earnings. College graduates might be required to repay two or three per cent of their annual earnings (depending on the amount borrowed) over a 25-to-35 year period. Under such a plan, educational debt would not be a significant burden to students at any point in their lives. If borrowers were freed

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from all but token repayment obligations if they fail to make a certain base amount (say, $8,400 a year), these loans would not force people to alter their career aspirations (or non-aspirations) to meet the responsibilities of educational debt. Some conservative economists believe that this kind of loan program would enable educational institutions to begin moving closer toward "full-cost tuition" (that is, a system whereby colleges and universities could reduce the gap between tuition and the cost of really educating a student) without limiting college enrollment to just those from high-income families. Such a program would allow state and federal governments to reduce their subsidy of higher education, which disproportionately benefits the upper middle class.

Needless to say, any movement toward full-cost tuition is anathema to orthodox liberals who are wedded to the concept that society is a major beneficiary of college education. However, as a graduate of the University of Michigan, I personally would be hard-pressed to explain to an auto worker how he has benefitted from my attending college thanks in large part to his tax payments. This whole question of who pays for college seems to illustrate the basic conflict in liberal philosophy between a genuine concern for lower-income groups and the belief that most societal institutions should be publicly supported. In this case, blue-collar workers lose out as their tax money is being used to fund a highly stratified system of higher education.

An Idea Whose Time Came—and Went

For a while in 1971 deferring college costs looked like an idea whose time had finally come. Yale and 21 other leading educational institutions were discussing the prospects of jointly adopting a modified deferred tuition arrangement (under the aegis of the Ford Foundation) to cover, at least, the most recent tuition increases. Meanwhile, newly elected Ohio Governor John Gilligan was proposing to the legislature that the state adopt deferred tuition as a way of paying for higher education.

Yet somehow deferred tuition failed to catch on. The Ford Foundation pulled out as the funding agent (worried about how it would look if it directly subsidized students at elite universities) and Yale decided to go it alone. Due to their unwillingness to tie up too much capital in what they call their "tuition postponement" plan, Yale limits a student to borrowing only $1,400 a year (it will rise to $1,900 with a new tuition increase in the fall). At the end of his senior year a student who has borrowed money under this plan (to a current maximum of about 35 per cent of the cost of his education) can decide whether he wants to treat this as a standard loan or whether he wants to defer repayment. If he chooses to defer repayment, the student is obligated to pay Yale four-tenths of one per cent of his yearly taxable income for each $1,000 borrowed. This obligation lasts until his "tuition group" (participants in the plan who left college the same year he did) has either repaid its collective loan (which Yale expects to take about 27 years) or until 35 years have elapsed. There is, however, an escape clause for a Yale graduate who finds himself in a high-income bracket and grows weary of tithing a fraction of his income to his alma mater. Anyone can "buy out" of the plan at any time by paying Yale 150 per cent of the outstanding loan and interest.

The Yale plan is obviously somewhat limited. A $1,400 deferred loan does not alleviate the serious problem that many middle-income families have in sending their children to high-cost institutions like Yale. The Yale experiment demonstrates the limits of trying to establish an effective and comprehensive deferred tuition program without the financial backing of a government agency. (Yale may modify its plan somewhat this year to enable students to qualify for the

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interest subsidy in conventional federally supported loan programs.) If Yale, one of the richest schools in the country, can only afford to allow students to defer $1,400 a year, then it is obvious that this plan is impossible at less affluent institutions without significant government aid.

As Popular as an Edsel

What happened to Gilligan's deferred tuition plan is an illustration of what happens when an innovative idea threatens the educational status quo. College presidents and teachers saw it as endangering their privileged position. Most students and parents denounced it as a way of masking tuition increases. Even labor unions (who theoretically should have seen its potential for relieving the tax burden of the lower middle class) attacked the proposal as antithetical to the liberal tradition of low-cost or free college education. Shortly after the program was sent to the legislature, John Gilligan, a man who understands political realities, threw in the towel. In the ensuing three years, deferred tuition has not been seriously revived in Ohio.

Gilligan shouldn't have been surprised by the ferocity of the opposition to deferred tuition. In 1967, a White House task force, under the direction of MIT physics professor Jerrold R. Zacharias, proposed establishing a deferred income-contingent loan program in the form of an Educational Opportunity Bank which would allow students to "sell participation shares in their future earnings."

The response was immediate. In a joint statement, the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges, the Association of State Colleges and Universities, and the American Association of Junior Colleges denounced the proposal and charged that its intent was to let society "abandon responsibility for the higher education of its young people." That was the end of the Zacharias plan.

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A new deferred college loan plan was recently offered by James Jung, head of the Wisconsin Higher Education Aids Board. The proposal was in response to "the new 18-year-old age-of-majority which. . . essentially changes the nation's post-secondary education systems from child-oriented systems to adult-oriented systems." Jung argues that this shift may invalidate the use of family income as a gauge in determining eligibility for student aid, since parents are not legally obligated to support adult offspring. If an 18-year-old's own financial resources become the only relevant factor in allocating educational assistance, almost all students, except for those with trust funds, would demonstrate financial "need." Since conventional student loan programs with fixed repayment schedules are a regressive form of taxation for low-income individuals (they must pay back a much higher percentage of their income than the more affluent), the Wisconsin report recommends that the state begin to move toward some form of long-term deferred loan arrangement under which at least the interest rates would be keyed to future earnings. Not surprisingly, Jung described the initial reaction to the plan, which is to be taken up by the Wisconsin legislature next year, as "just disastrous."

State governments are obviously in a much better position than private universities to set up deferred loan programs. Both the Ohio and Wisconsin plans suggested borrowing from state pension funds until the loan program became self-sustaining. Such a firm financial foundation would enable students to borrow enough to cover most of their college expenses. The Wisconsin report projects an average yearly student loan of more than $4,000 by 1980. But state deferred loan programs are something like state-wide gasoline rationing—they are no substitute for a national system. With so many students crossing state lines to attend college, it seems a bit impractical to make deferred tuition a state responsibility.

The 1967 White House task force estimated that a National Educational Opportunity Bank could be self-sustaining if students paid one per cent of their income over a 30 year period for every $3,000 borrowed. The income-contingent pay-back provisions of such a plan could be easily added to the federal income tax forms. Although such a program can—and should—be justified on other grounds, there is no reason to minimize its potential as a limited form of income redistribution by following Yale's model and allowing high-income individuals to "buy out" of the repayment program. These income-contingent loans could also be modified to meet the needs of graduate and professional students.

The Courage to Say 'No'

The benefits of such a national loan program are not just financial. Too many 18-year-olds go off to college out of a feeling of social obligation to their parents rather than any real desire to immediately pursue their education. Students like these tend to regard college as a nuisance that must be endured in exchange for continued parental support. Intergenerational tensions are exacerbated when disinterest leads to poor grades and parental laments of "I'm paying $5,000 a year to send you to that school and you bring home a C-."

Such an expansion of educational loan programs would force students to take responsibility for their own educations. The temptation to ignore classes would be somewhat reduced if students knew that they were wasting their own money rather than that of their parents. This financial obligation might also give many 18-year-olds the courage to say honestly, "I'm not ready for college yet." But these same students would still have the opportunity to attend college at any point later in their lives. (Since the total amount of repayment made by a healthy 20-year-old would be poten-

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tially much greater than a 55-year-old's, equity would require some adjustment in the formula to take age into consideration.)

Like the voucher system, deferred college costs might introduce some element of competition into the educational system. Colleges and universities are almost as free from the rigors of the marketplace as public elementary and secondary schools. As long as financial considerations continue to play a major role in dictating college choice, many public institutions (and private schools that can still afford to make beguiling scholarship offers) do not have to worry about attracting students. Their moderate cost and the inability of many students to afford to go elsewhere provide an almost captive enrollment. Institutional torpor is often the result of the easy existence that comes from the assurance of full classrooms and continued public subsidy.

If such a plan were adopted, a student who is willing to make the necessary long-term financial commitment should be able to afford any school to which he has been admitted. Public institutions that have taken their enrollment for granted would suddenly have to work to attract qualified students. Such competition might actually produce some of that educational diversity that has been always been alleged to be one of the strengths of American higher education.

Educational Bargain-Hunting

Competition may also work to prevent a too-rapid escalation of educational costs. When the government began picking up the tab for programs like Medicare and Medicaid, health costs soared because of a phenomenon known as "third-partying"—once doctors knew that individuals would no longer be absorbing the costs, many abandoned their scruples about padding the bill. A significant increase in traditional government aid to higher education would merely stimulate college administrators to inflate their costs, since they know they would be repaid from the federal or state treasury. On the other hand, a national system of income-contingent deferred loans would force colleges to compete for students and thus keep expenses down. Since the percentage of annual income to be repaid would depend on the size of the educational loan, borrowers would continue to be extremely cost conscious. Students might be able to afford expensive private institutions like Harvard, but the onus would be on the school to prove that it is worth the additional money. Deferred loans will not remove price competition from higher education. Rather, they will enable students to consider all price levels in a quest for the best educational value.

Since the ill-fated Zacharias proposal, there has been no income-contigent deferred loan proposal considered by Congress, nor analyzed by the federal bureaucracy. This may be less of an indictment of the merits of the idea than an illustration of the political power of educational traditionalism. Although the Carnegie Commission has officially dubbed this era "The New Depression in Higher Education," academic bureaucrats are reluctant to tamper with traditional patterns of funding higher education. Government education officials and influential legislators remain wedded to the liberal tradition of low-tuition higher education—conveniently ignoring that this means that the poor and the lower middle-class are left with a large portion of the tab. Many students regard parental subsidy as a God-given right and are not enthusiastic about a system that makes them responsible for their own education. Only parents with college-age children—far from an unimportant electoral bloc—have the potential to fully appreciate the benefits of a national system of deferred college costs. So, when it is time to write your daughter a check for another semester at Bryn Mawr, just remember, it doesn't have to be this way. ■

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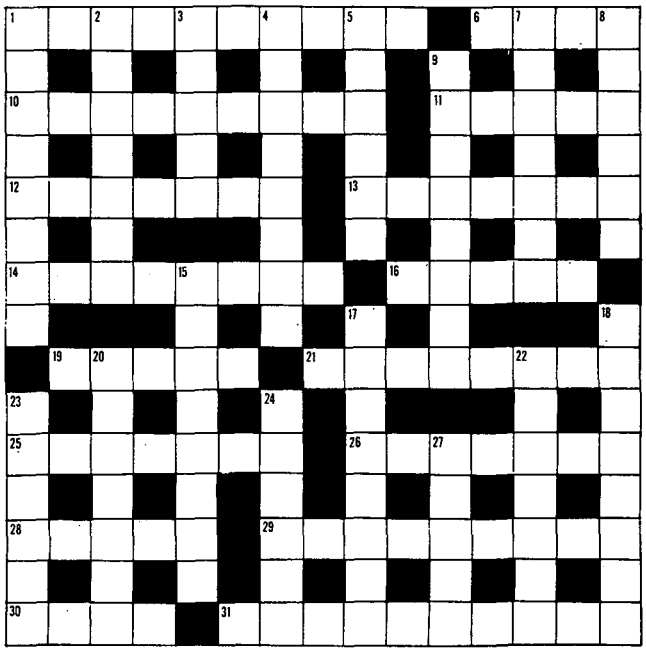
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. The tie that binds 10 and 31 Across, 8, 15, 17, 18, and 20 Down. (10)
6. Smart greeting in carbon copy. (4)
10. Prank is no luck for him. (9)
11. The middle of true quality is the same. (5)
12. Lazy fisherman will dc this in creel. (7)
13. Attempted to clear up rotted eye. (5, 2)
14. Was present at Sis' dates. (8)
16. Two better in the shade. (5)
19. It would be wise to get the streetcars back. (5)
21. Find phonograph in order to convict Roland. (8)
25. Place to hear a mixed-up short crocodile moo. (7)
26. Laughed about early December lack. (7)
28. Dishes in which, in a word, cleanliness is important. (5)
29. For a clean sweep in '76? (1, 3, 5)
30. Chanted to bring the gnus back. (4)
31. Chairmen, left-hand initially, caught by 1 Across. (10)

DOWN

1. Prime Ali to try for this crown. (8)
2. Cites doctor who manages business. (7)
3. Friendly greeting in 151 Roman letters can make things hot. (5)
4. Way he got on top of things was to smear Ted. (8)
5. Tiny New England gal lives to ripe old age. (6)
7. Chased upset nude into brick trough. (7)
8. Colonel and offspring both involved in 1 Across. (6)
9. This will settle *Time*'s end. (8)
15. He charts an artistic defense to 1 Across. (8)
17. Little Chester moves around in mill but is found in 1 Across. (8)
18. 1 Across also mentions lame hand treatment. (8)
20. Mr. Diana found in 1 Across, too. (7)
22. Let Milo boo natural resource craze. (3, 4)
23. Slaps monsieur into bags. (6)
24. Shop at fertilizer store. (6)
27. Little bear, I see, is more than square. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 49.

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The Vice Presidency: From Cigar Store Indian to Crown Prince

by Donald Graham

What do you think of Robert Finch's chances of becoming President? If you say "Not much," you agree with just about everyone else in the United States. President Nixon's first Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare is now practicing law in Los Angeles, apparently having decided against a long-odds race for Governor of California.

But if Finch were not a man of some principle, he would today be a leading Republican candidate for President. According to Theodore White's *The Making of the President 1968*, Richard Nixon twice asked Finch to be his vice-presidential running mate. Finch declined because he didn't feel he would add much to the ticket.

If he had run and been elected, Finch would most likely have followed a rule which has been in force since the emergence of the television era: once you become Vice President, you will win your party's nomination for President unless you plead nolo contendere to charges of income tax evasion.

Television's tendency to focus on easily identified spokesmen on particular issues makes the figures it chooses into political celebrities almost overnight. Senators Fulbright (on foreign policy), Baker and Ervin (on Watergate), and Jackson (on energy) illustrate this effect. The Vice President can take even greater advantage of the medium, for he and the President are the only figures whose credentials as spokesmen are not confined to any one or two subject areas. This alone seems to be enough to make him a leading contender for his party's nomination, insofar as polls are reliable measures of such things.

Donald Graham is a writer now based in New York.

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There are, of course, other leading contenders, but the Vice President has an enormous advantage over them: he need never do anything—he has no real job. He need never take a controversial stand, and even if he is foolish enough to do so, he need not suffer the consequences. For the Vice President is the one American politician who is not held responsible for what he says. If he does say something significant, everyone pokes around for a hidden reason. When Vice President Hubert Humphrey said that he supported the war in Vietnam, many thought President Johnson was making him do it, or that at least he would change his mind when he was his own man. When Vice President Spiro Agnew began his attack on the press and television newscasters, the analysts noted that a White House aide wrote the speech and concluded that it was part of the President's grand political strategy. When Vice President Gerald Ford denounced the "small group of agitators" giving Nixon a hard time over Watergate, blame was again traced to the nefarious White House speechwriters.

There is a formidable set of political advantages to being Vice President. It was not always so. In the 100 years before 1960, only three incumbent or former Vice Presidents were elected President. However, in all four presidential elections since 1960, at least one major party nominated the Vice President or a former Vice President. And since 1964 the victors have all been former Vice Presidents. The high point came in 1968 when Vice President Humphrey opposed former Vice President Nixon.

This transformation of the vice presidency has rendered half the famous put-downs of the office obsolete. The ones that are still valid refer to the Vice President's lack of a useful function. (Thomas Marshall, Woodrow Wilson's Vice President, compared the holder of the office to a man in a cataleptic fit. "He is conscious of all that goes on, but has no part in it.") The out-dated ones derive their humor from the Vice President's obscurity. ("Once there were two brothers," Marshall said. "One ran away to sea, and the other was elected Vice President, and nothing was ever heard of either of them again.").

A Ford In Our Future

A year ago certainly no one was comparing Spiro Agnew to a man who ran away to sea. An April, 1973, Gallup Poll had Agnew running far ahead of the pack for the 1976 Republican presidential nomination:

Agnew	35%
Reagan	20%
Connally	15%
Rockefeller	11%
Percy	8%
Buckley	2%
Baker	1%
Brooke	1%
Evans	1%
No opinion	6

Even in an August Gallup survey, conducted before the Vice President resigned, but after word that he was under investigation had leaked out, Agnew still attracted the support of 22 per cent of all Republicans for the 1976 presidential nod. As soon as he was chosen to succeed Agnew, Jerry Ford began the most meteoric rise in the history of American politics. Almost overnight, Ford became his party's leading candidate for President, according to the Louis Harris survey.

An October Gallup poll without Ford's name included had found Ronald Reagan the most popular choice among Republicans for President:

Reagan	29%
Rockefeller	19
Connally	16
Percy	14
Baker	8
James Buckley	3
William Brock	2
Edward Brooke	1
No opinion	8

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A month later, Harris' survey found a totally new picture:

Ford	25
Reagan	20
Percy	10
Rockefeller	9
Connally	8
Baker	8
Richardson	3
Taft	3
Buckley	1
No opinion	13

Another Harris poll showed that Ford won trial heats against Democratic Senators Edward M. Kennedy or Henry M. Jackson. Political analyst Richard Scammon thereupon declared Ford "the most valuable political property extant." "He's Mr. America, he's Mr. Clean, he doesn't have a fancy home in Kenwood," Scammon said.

Now, Ford was as clean as American, and as ill-housed in October as he was in November. He'd served for 25 years in the House, and he had held the important job of minority leader for nine years. I can find no evidence that, in all those years, anyone seriously considered him presidential timber. But as soon as he went from a responsible, important job as House Minority Leader to one with no responsibility and only conditional importance, a quarter of the Republicans in the country suddenly decided that he was the party's best hope.

This is not to say that Ford will be nominated, nor that Vice President Agnew would have been his party's candidate had he not been the subject of the investigation that led him to resign. It is to say that Agnew had, and Ford has, as good a chance as anyone in their party, and that it is hard to conceive that either would ever have been a serious presidential contender had he not been chosen Vice President. Ford is a man of considerable experience and was an effective congressional leader and one widely respected by his colleagues. But elevation to the Vice Presidency appears to be able to turn *anyone*, competent or incompetent, experienced or not, into a political powerhouse overnight. If the office is going to school our future Presidents, we ought to ask whether we and they are well served by it.

Agnew as Over-Achiever

The Vice Presidency has undergone changes since the inauguration of the first Vice President, John Adams. Adams was elected under the original Constitution, which gave the job to the candidate who received the second highest total of votes for President. It is worth noting that the original provisions gave the country its two most distinguished Vice Presidents, Adams and Thomas Jefferson. In the election of 1800, the same provisions gave the country a disaster: a deadlock between Jefferson, who was nominally his party's presidential candidate, and Aaron Burr, supposedly Jefferson's running mate.

Soon after, the 12th Amendment permitted electors to vote separately for President and Vice President. This solved one problem but created another. The original constitutional system ensured that if the President died, his successor would be a man whom many people thought fit to be President. But the 12th amendment meant that by the mid-19th century, vice presidential candidates were less likely to be respected national figures and more likely to be obscure politicians chosen to balance a ticket.

What has changed about the Vice Presidency is not the kind of men who are chosen to run for the office, but the attention they receive once elected. The combination of Franklin Roosevelt's death, which elevated a virtual unknown to the Presidency, and Dwight Eisenhower's serious illnesses in 1955 and 1956 impressed on a whole generation of reporters the importance of the man "a heartbeat away from the Presidency." This

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attention from the press, heightened by television's need for the identifiable spokesman, brought the name recognition that makes front-runners in the presidential polls. The result was Vice Presidents who were much more likely to become President.

Nonetheless, the means for selecting Vice Presidents is not notably better than in the 19th century. Since World War II, only four major-party vice presidential nominees had previously been presidential contenders: Earl Warren, Estes Kefauver, Lyndon Johnson, and Hubert Humphrey. Most of the others were selected to balance a ticket.

The paradox of this system is that the more obscure the man was before his election, the more likely he is to thrive in the Vice Presidency. Of all the office's drawbacks, this is probably the most serious. The job earned Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew national fame and presidential consideration. It is possible, but not likely, that either would have come by it in any other way. Johnson and Humphrey came to the Vice Presidency with known views and national followings. Those who had feared Johnson when he was an enormously powerful Senate Majority Leader laughed at his impotence as Vice President. Some of Humphrey's former allies were bitter at him because, loyal to the man who had made him Vice President, he no longer adopted the outspoken liberal tone he had been known for.

Fighting Unemployment

In short, the modern Vice Presidency encourages the parties to select little-known men and, if they are elected, turns them into presidential contenders regardless of their competence. What is needed is a change that will make the Vice Presidency more attractive to men of presidential stature and that will give the parties incentive to nominate such men. It is also important that the Vice President be permitted to create his own record, so that if he runs for President, voters will have a basis for judging his qualifications beyond the speeches the President's writers have given him.

A simple change that would accomplish these ends would be to abolish by constitutional amendment the Vice President's job of presiding over the Senate and make him eligible to serve in any position in the executive branch (he is now an officer of the legislative branch and as such not eligible for jobs with real executive responsibility).

Having a responsible job, even a cabinet post, does not of course guarantee that a Vice President will always be a productive contributor to the government. It is possible to be the secretary of a large department and be allowed to do nothing. There is the possibility that a President, out of jealousy, might circumscribe his Vice President's authority, whatever his official job.

In any case, the voters can evaluate these hazards when the Vice President presents himself, looking for a promotion. Let us think back to 1968: Richard Nixon, sure of his own nomination, commissioned polls to see what vice presidential nominee would help him most in the election. He found that he ran best on his own, that more people would vote for Nixon without a vice presidential nominee than would vote for Nixon-Reagan, Nixon-Lindsay, or Nixon-Rockefeller. So he set about doing his best to duplicate the condition of running without a vice presidential candidate. At last, he narrowed his choices to John Volpe and Spiro Agnew.

As Secretary of Transportation, Volpe left a record. When he left office, to become Ambassador to Italy, his record inspired no one to call on him to run for President. Had he chosen to run, he could have been judged on the record of decisions he had made in office. With Agnew, there were few such decisions and, but for the vigilance of a U. S. attorney, no such record. ■

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A Congressman's Day: At the District Office

This article marks the third installment in our series depicting the day-to-day realities of life in Congress. "What Happens to a Senator's Day" by James Boyd and "A Day in the Life of a Senator's AA" by Polly Toynbee were both set on Capitol Hill. This time we deal with an important, but often forgotten setting—the congressman's district office.

by Jamie Rosenthal Wolf

Thomas Philip O'Neill, Jr., known as Tip, who in January of 1973 became Majority Leader of the U. S. House of Representatives, is the congressman from the Eighth District, Massachusetts. The Eighth includes Cambridge, Watertown, Allston, Brighton, Somerville, Belmont, five sections of Boston—East Boston, Charlestown, Kenmore Square, Back Bay, and Beacon Hill—and Arlington. (Arlington, a middle-income suburb, replaced Brookline, an upper-income suburb, in the last redistricting, at O'Neill's request—he is a former Speaker of the Massachusetts House, and his requests to that body tend to carry more than routine weight.) In slightly different form, the Eighth was John Kennedy's old district; it is also, and perhaps more pertinently, the one which was represented by Kennedy's maternal grandfather, John F. Fitzgerald, before he became mayor of Boston, as well as by that loved and legendary rogue, James Michael Curley, in the interludes between *his* multiple protracted stints in the same office. (In contrast to the way-station view these previous occupants took of the seat, O'Neill almost from the start has regarded it as a semi-permanent destination. This is his 21st year as a

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member of the House—before he was elected to the Majority Leader's post after the disappearance, in a plane crash, of Majority Leader Hale Boggs, he was Majority Whip, the number three man in the Democratic hierarchy. Except for a short-lived flirtation with the idea of seeking the Massachusetts gubernatorial nomination, in 1956, he has never in those 21 years seriously considered becoming anything else.)

What makes Curley and Fitzgerald more apropos, talismanically speaking, is that O'Neill, like them, is a quite pure embodiment of everything called to mind by the expression "typical Irish pol." That is to say, he is hearty, expansive, humble-beginninged, silver-tongued, given to more than a bit of blarney, and he possesses an appeal which has nothing to do with glamour but stems instead from his energy, his earthiness, and his very personal and non-abstract concern for the people he represents. At 61, he is not exactly vestigial, for remnants of the era he personifies still endure, but he is one of the few remaining links of any political importance to a world which at one time—after the decline of Yankee dominance and before the currently gaining tide of liberal professionalism—constituted the whole of Boston area politics, and, to a lesser but still large extent, that of statewide politics as well: a world of nicknames—Honey Fitz, of course; Sweepstakes (a. k. a. Francis) Kelley; Iron Duke Thompson; Onions Burke—of carefree, conspicuous cronyism; of reliable, ward-committeemen-delivered votes; of generally unquestioning party loyalty, *genus Democratus*; and of favors performed for constituents and supporters not through the intercession of an office staff in one or another bureaucratic maze, but in a good deal more direct and primitive a fashion.

Yet paradoxically—or perhaps, upon reflection, not so paradoxically—if O'Neill has undergone a considerable liberalization process, a "greening," as it were, over the course of his past several terms in office (the fact that he has so done is now, in the heat of the impeachment furor, being duly and thankfully remarked upon by people, in many cases, who not long ago were content to dismiss him, when they chanced to remark upon the House at all, as another outmoded party boss), it is precisely these old-fashioned, Northern organization Democratic qualities that have enabled him to take some of the stands he has: coming out against the war in the summer of 1967, for instance, in a district which—contrary to popular misconception—bears very little resemblance, if any, to Manhattan's Upper West Side and which in fact, as late as the summer of 1970, in a statewide referendum on the war which was held that year, voted only 30% for immediate withdrawal—the most hawkish in the state.

For just as O'Neill's affinity with the regulars in the House has allowed him an occasional swing into liberal territory without jeopardizing his standing as a member of the House establishment, and indeed has encouraged him to assume without thinking twice a leadership position in those causes he has championed—record teller voting, for example, and other major House reforms, as well as the long and painful anti-war fight; and just as, in another sense, his total, old-fashioned kind of party loyalty has led him to embrace the ideas and concerns of the party's newer arrivals because—as fellow Democrats—they are entitled to his help; in the same way, his closeness to his constituents, in terms both of accessibility and sheer representativeness, and the solidity of the political base that his attention to individual problems and services has produced—the widespread certainty, in other words, that he is one of their own and that he has their interests firmly at heart—has afforded him a degree of freedom and flexibility lacked by many of his counterparts whose support is not so secure. They have given him leeway, these things, this way of doing business, to

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take positions contrary to the very strongly held prevailing district sentiment and—as in the House—remain confident not only that he will not be deposed, but that he may prevail.

The Office Staff

O'Neill's district office, where he tries, not very successfully nowadays, to spend Mondays and Fridays when Congress is in session, is on the 22nd floor of the John F. Kennedy Federal Building, a towering Gropius-designed structure on the edge of the vast, treeless but modernistic-fountain-including expanse of Boston's Government Center Plaza. (The office is well tied in, of course, to both state and local levels of government, although as a consequence of his *curriculum vitae* and the differences in style between himself and most of the people currently holding major office in Boston and Cambridge, O'Neill's own orientation is more towards the state; when he says "Kev, howahya?" into the phone, the man on the other end is more likely to be Kevin Harrington, the old-style president of the state senate, than Kevin White, the moderately Lindsay-like mayor of Boston.)

Until a few years ago, the office was located in the old Federal Building in a less spiffy and more congested part of downtown (Most of the staff preferred it there; it was, they feel, not so intimidating a place for constituents to visit); now it has movable panels painted in rather bilious shades: salmon, yellow, and pale green. There is a large front room which houses a waiting area (a cluster of gray steel chairs around a gray steel table with the ubiquitous plaster silhouette of JFK and a computer portrait of O'Neill hanging above it, and copies of the *Pilot*, the magazine of the Archdiocese of Boston, and a small two-headed china donkey on top of it) and desks for Francine Gannon, Nicholas Drago, Jim Rowan, who are on O'Neill's permanent staff, and a receptionist-typist, who is usual-

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ly a student working part-time and whose face changes every six months or so. To the left of the front room is a corridor with a sliding closet on one side and on the other side, two small glass-partitioned cubicles, one for Dorothy Kelly and one for Tom Mullen, O'Neill's second-in-command. O'Neill's permanent staff could probably set a record for collective length of service. Mullen, a high-school classmate, was his assistant in the state legislature 30 years ago—"That's real chumship for you," Francine Gannon said the other day; Dorothy Kelly, who is a former social worker, has been with him more than 20 years, and Nick Drago and Jim Rowan for almost as long. Francine, the newestcomer, has been on board for nine years, ever since, just out of high school, she met the Congressman at a campaign rally—an event she regards as "one of the greatest things in my life." "See, I come from the North End," she explained not long ago, "my father was a Navy Yard worker and the whole family was brought up in politics, to take an interest, whatever. Mr. O'Neill says to me, 'How would you like to come work for me?'—just like that, out of the blue. You can understand my point: here I was, a green kid, and this was during a campaign, with my family active and all—you don't know what to expect. I mean, how do you take somebody at their word, especially a pol? But I came in, and Dot knew who I was, and she was expecting me. And it wasn't a political move either—he had the North End sewed up. He's got such a warmthness to him. I'll tell you what amazed me. The first week I was here I was in taking dictation and he got a long-distance call he'd been waiting for. As he picked up the phone I got up to leave, and he beckoned me to stay; he said, 'We're all part of the same office—there's no secrets here.' "

The non-secret-keeper has his office at the end of the corridor, a large room with a deep blue carpet and windows on two sides; it contains a nondescript grouping of sofa, coffee table and easy chairs, at one end, and, at the other, a massive, glass-topped wooden desk. In front of the desk are two items which are very descript indeed—two visitors' chairs upholstered in shocking pink leatherette, which the General Services Administration, in an apparent flight of decorative fancy, recently provided as replacements for a more conventional worn-out pair in reddish-brown. There is additional seating all around the room, and there is also a great deal of memorabilia.

Reliving 'The Last Hurrah'

People who visit the office fall, on the whole, into three categories. Some of the people who come in are "dropping by": they have business elsewhere in the building and have stopped off to say hello, or they are downtown on other appointments and have stopped off to say hello, or they have heard that the Congressman is in town and have made a special trip to say hello, sometimes to talk about something in particular, but more often simply to chat or entice him out for a meal. These people, who are mostly businessmen, with a sprinkling of current and former local officials, have rarely made appointments, and when they are around, they are apt to spend a certain amount of time standing about the front room while O'Neill himself is occupied; on these occasions the atmosphere accorded its ultimate fictional distillation in *The Last Hurrah* is so heavy as to be nearly palpable in the air. There is a lot of Irish-flavored ethnic banter ("Those smart Italians who marry Irish boys—they make the best-looking offspring. . . "). There is a lot of genealogical exploration ("Jimmy, he's a Gannon, but on his mother's side he's a Charbiner." "Peter Charbiner? He's an old buddy of mine. So he's Jimmy Gannon's brother-in-law." "Jim was this wide at the end. We lost him in August, you know—oh, his system was a wreck!"). There is a lot of identifica-

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tion by way of reminiscence ("You know who he is—he used to own the Blue Moon, down on the Cape; they had that open-air dance floor. . . "), all within a pronounced Catholic framework ("It must have been a hot town, all right, Walter's become a monsignor. Jeez, could he dance!"). There is a lot of cigar smoke. There is a lot of sports talk, in which O'Neill likes to participate ("Say, I want you to know something about my broad versatility of knowledge—Eddie Ford wants to buy a fighter by the name of McDonald, you heard anything about him?"), and there is political talk, both national and extravagantly parochial (". . . One of our fellas in Brighton at one time had 12 voters livin' with him, until some of his kids moved away"), and there are jokes which seem to come from some dim end of time ("I said to Tip at lunch, I said we never had any trouble convincing Mary, Frank's lovely mother from Galway, persuading her to vote for O'Neill—the only trouble was persuading her not to vote twice."—Appreciative chortles.) Late one winter afternoon last year I heard a conversation, between two friends of the Congressman's who were waiting to see if he would join them for dinner. The conversation could have been lifted intact from O'Connor's novel—except that it was not Skeffington's funeral that one of the men was describing to the other but Harriet McCormack's wake (the wife of the former Speaker having died a short time before): The crowds ("They were down through three more rooms out on the sidewalk and into the street. . . "). The flowers from Nixon and Agnew and Eamon deValera. The Speaker's behavior ("We were trying to get people out of the cold; I said to Edward [McCormack, the Speaker's nephew], I said, 'Move them along.' He says, 'You think he'd do it? He's up to there talking to everybody in the line!' And he was, too: 'Thank you for coming, doesn't she look beautiful?' And then he'd take 'em to see the dress she wore for deValera—you know the story about that, how Johnson said he was doubly honored, the first president of Ireland they'd had and the first person who'd been able to get Harriet to the White House. People would come up to him and say, 'How are you, I worked for you in such-and-such a precinct,' and by God, he'd take one look and he'd remember, he'd say, 'It's so-and-so, how are you?' Thirty-five years, and he'd remember. Sometimes he'd have to take a second look, but he'd have it right.").

Some other people who come into the office—or telephone; Mrs. Kelly guesses that around 650 calls get handled weekly—have not made appointments either. They are looking for the kind of help which, alas, these days is no longer much available in the form of Christmastime employment at the post office—although there are still ways in which these matters can be approached more or less directly, but is more likely to entail advice on the correct procedures to follow for the problem at hand, and a call, or a series of calls to get things under way, or to expedite them if they are stalled. Occasionally these problems are exotic. A woman whose daughter, on honeymoon in Hong Kong, had been out of touch for four days, called the office and demanded that she be located. "Then she calls back—she wants us to know that she'd gotten a

Answers to March Political Puzzle:

1 G	O	2 L	D	3 A	M	4 E	I	5 R	■	6 A	N	7 W	A	8 R
A	■	A	■	S	■	R	■	O	■	S	■	E	■	A
9 S	U	E	Z	C	A	N	A	L	■	10 S	A	D	A	T
R	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	L	■	E
11 A	C	T	U	P	■	12 S	H	O	W	R	O	O	M	S
T	■	E	■	■	■	T	■	U	■	T	■	C	■	■
13 I	S	S	U	14 E	R	S	■	15 T	W	I	N	K	L	16 E
O	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	V
17 N	U	18 B	I	A	N	19 S	■	20 T	O	N	N	21 A	G	E
■	■	A	■	D	■	I	■	O	■	■	■	M	■	N
22 K	I	S	S	I	N	G	E	R	■	23 A	C	E	R	B
R	■	K	■	C	■	H	■	T	■	B	■	R	■	R
24 A	R	E	N	A	■	25 T	R	U	C	E	L	I	N	E
U	■	T	■	T	■	E	■	G	■	T	■	C	■	A
26 T	A	S	T	E	■	27 D	R	A	W	S	B	A	C	K

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collect call from Rangoon, but she didn't accept it. I asked her why not, and she said, 'How do I know who was calling?' ") Most of the time, they are the same sort that are dealt with in political offices in cities all across the country—they tend to be of the same repetitive nature, and they produce the same sense of low-key, unremitting bleakness, with, in the case of citizenship and immigration cases, an occasional leavening patch of joy.

"My niece has a severe problem, she's divorced from her husband and she has a 10-year-old boy who's in trouble all the time, seeing a psychiatrist—they're in a project and she wants to move. . . . "

"Nick, where does the VA have their booths to give veterans information about jobs and so on? One of the fellas workin' in them evidently just disappeared. . . . He's been missing since Saturday, I think he's been livin' with his girlfriend in Somerville, there are drugs involved. The woman who was working with him said he was tense all day, pacing the floor, and finally he just vanished in the middle of the afternoon. His car, his clothes, everything is still there—his mother called, she's working in Washington. . . ."

"I've got a good friend of mine whose son-in-law—here's his name—he's stationed in Arlington, Texas, he's an airman first class, and his wife is there, she's homesick and she's pregnant, and he wants to be transferred to Weymouth. . . . "

"Once you're housed, they don't take kindly to switching. . . . Tell her to get a letter from the psychiatrist stressing that the boy has got to get out of that environment and send it to the housing board, we'll see what we can do. . . . "

"So then I'll tell them to go ahead with the papers. . . . "

"My head started acting up, blackouts and all that. . . . "

"And after he submits 'em, tell him to get in touch with me—we'll see if we can send a letter to his commanding officer or someone near, for support, y'know. . . . "

"Have you got your orders, are you home on emergency leave?"

"I was in before about three years, I've been in this time about a month. . . . "

"You have a job to come home to? You have got a letter saying you can support your wife, you won't be a public charge. . . . "

"Well, I can get a job. . . . "

"You have to have a letter from your doctor, explaining your illness. . . . "

"There's really nothing we can do, to be very honest. . . like I say, the best thing is to *find* the job and then let us make the call. We're glad to help out, but with the state our hands are tied. . . . "

"It's about this bond I posted. . . . "

"Listen, you want to do me a favor and call me back on it? The name is Zolli, Z-O-L-L-I, Basil V. . . . "

"Francine, you know anything about stamps? This lady wants a plate of stamps. . . . "

"While I have you on the line, John, I have a gentleman who resides. . . . "

"No, he's applied for a disability. . . . "

"Eddie, it's me again. Could you check on the file of Basil V. Zolli? You can call me back when it's convenient with you, I don't want to rush you. . . . "

Doing It the Right Way

What *is* slightly unusual about the problems, though, is that so many of them get taken here, rather than elsewhere—the options in this case not including a network of party clubhouses, but encompassing, after all, a number of Boston Little City Halls, set up a few years ago expressly for this purpose, the offices of the various Boston and Cambridge city councilmen, the state legislators' offices, and state and city agencies themselves. O'Neill is intensely, even belligerently serious about his staff's constituent-

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service function—and his own, which may be one of the reasons for the number of people taking their problems to the front room. "It's funny," he said one day, waving towards the door, "the requests and favors get handled out there, but they all want to see their congressman. Now these new kids, they don't want to do this sort of thing. They want to legislate; they want to have these kinds of problems handled by ombudsmen. Twenty years from now there won't *be* any home offices—all of them'll be doing only what they're paid for." This is not strictly true: the Robert Drinans and the Gerry Studdses—to take two of the "new kids" from nearby districts—place a good deal of well-publicized emphasis on their responsibilities in this area, and they have devised increasingly sophisticated methods, in which the phrase "social-service-delivery" tends to figure quite a bit, for coping with them. Their own involvement, however, is inclined to be somewhat ceremonial; they will make an occasional visit to a district town, and they hold occasional constituent gripe sessions, but they are not accessible on a day-to-day basis. Whereas O'Neill—"I think he's such a moron," says Mrs. Kelly, fondly, "he'll see practically anybody. He's just as gracious to some poor soul who comes in—he doesn't forget who put him where he is, y'know? If he doesn't have an appointment he'll see you if you come in right off the street."

(Even on his tightly scheduled days O'Neill tends to do a good deal of popping out of his office and patting shoulders and assuring people that they're in good hands with Francine here—or Nick or Jim as the case may be.) "He does it the right way," Lawrence DiCara, a young Boston city councilman, has said. "A lot of congressmen treat their constituents well, but they do it very impersonally. Tip does it really personally. People have two senators, like they have nine councilmen [the Boston and Cambridge city councils are elected at

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large], but they only have one congressman, and he understands that." "Lissen," O'Neill says, "you get an old lady in here—it's five, maybe ten minutes of your time. It's not much to you, but it's everything to her. Sure, some things there's nothing I can do about, but it makes 'em *feel* better." (The office staff, perhaps in compensation, tries to avoid too much reliance on the soothing effects—although if anyone in the office gives up easily, it is not discernible to the casual observer. "Sometimes we just say we're sorry, but we can't help," Mrs. Kelly said firmly not long ago. "Unlike people in some other offices who say, 'We'll do everything we can,' when you know there's nothing they *can* do. And I think people walk out of here happier because we've been frank with them.")

Clouds in the Old Sunshine

O'Neill's continued personal involvement with this aspect of his congressional work—an involvement which by now could be considered of limited utility to him, since most of the people it affects can be counted on to vote for him, out of habit if nothing else, stems partly from his understanding of the emotional need for personal contact and from his conception of the obligations of his metier, but there is something else to it as well. In all fairness to the new kids, if their descriptions of their motivation for entering politics reflect, for the most part, an assiduous avoidance of the old-style euphemism about "the opportunities for helping people. . . . " (bringing about societal change being the euphemism *they* tend to favor); and if it is difficult—and not purely for reasons having to do with modes of self-expression—to imagine any of them proposing as a governing maxim, as Mrs. Kelly remembers her employer's doing when he first went down to Washington, "It's nice to be important, but it's far more important to be nice," or attributing their constituents' esteem to the fact that "you're walkin' the streets, your head is high—because you don't duck 'em, you're always available, they can call you up at any time," it is also difficult to imagine their responding, as O'Neill did recently to a question about discouragement: "Oh, I suppose you have your temporary rebuffs, there are nights when you go home and you feel you didn't accomplish anything. But when you weigh it all in. . . er. . . when you weigh it in all along the line, you're—Everything can't be rosy, y'know, every. . . every once in a while you have your dismal days, a little cloud in the old sunshine. But sometimes it's only some little mattah you were able to do in the course of the day with regards to—not with regard to legislation. . . Aahh. . . somebody, you were home after a dismal day, and somebody called and they had a personal problem that you were able to pick up the phone and rectify, to straighten out, and uh, a little thing like that. . . uh. . . . Well, I just say the day wasn't too bad after all, I did accomplish something worthwhile." For O'Neill, "helping people" is not a necessary but comparatively tiresome adjunct to the more engrossing aspects of congressional work; nor, for that matter, is it an entirely euphemistic explanation of what makes him tick.

Actually, although the bulk of the requests and favors do get handled in the front room, O'Neill handles a good number of them himself, according to an intricate set of precepts that over the years have evolved into something approaching a science and which occasionally dictate temporarily taking no action at all. "When you've been in the business as long as I have," he explained one afternoon not long ago, "you know where a phone call should be used and where it shouldn't.

"Now you take this letter," he went on, rifling through a pile sitting on his blotter, " 'Dear Tip, I have a very personal favor to ask you. . . my niece, a lovely girl. . . '—I'm summarizin'—'now a lady. . . was in a convent 20 years. . . daughter of my

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deceased brother Jimmy... left the convent... wants to teach....' She called up this morning, she was having an interview at a junior college. I told her she should just go ahead with the interview—she seems to have ability, why have a cloud of political pressure on her? Now I happen to know the interviewer, so I'll call him afterwards. If she's accepted, fine. Or he may say she's good, but the money might not be there, or the college president might want to use it for something else. So I'll put in a call to the president. He may want to be remembered when appropriations go before the legislature, and the boys in the legislature are always very sweet to me when I call up....

"All right, here's another one," said O'Neill, reading quickly in a deadpan voice. " 'This letter has two purposes, to inform you that I have given your name as a reference to the FBI and to ask if you could call and expedite....' This guy left RCA, and he has an application in to the FBI. Now, if I've learned one thing in this job it's that you never call the FBI—if I call the FBI it would be like a nail in his coffin. He's given me as a reference, they'll contact me. This boy has a tremendous background; can't see why he wants to go with the FBI, but apparently for some reason this job suddenly appeals to him."

"Here you go," O'Neill said another day, after a phone conversation which on his part had consisted of a series of polite demurrals and attempted redirections ("Well, Dan, I don't know what I can do.... No, you can't involve GE on something like this.... I can't make that kind of call.... Well, you get the papers together and we'll see...."). "I'm on the board of the Cardinal Cushing School. They have a new wing and somehow they got the lights put in without a permit. It's gonna cost $19,000 to replace them, and he wants to know what to do. I said maybe the town engineer could be persuaded to blink his eyes, but it's better if it doesn't come from me. It would look bad. They'd be better off appealing to his charitable instincts, y'know?"

When O'Neill decides what action *is* appropriate on these matters, his approach is likely to be direct and rapid-fire, with a bare minimum of beating-around-the-bush type pleasantries. This is a specimen phone call:

Tommy, howahya? Whassa matter, you don't seem very happy today.... You got too many of them now, that's your problem... Tom. I want you to do me a favor, very simple. Can you use an intern volunteer one day a week? By the name of Margot Dineen, who the other four days of the week will be working in my office. She's graduating from Sacred Heart College and she must work in a legislative office and a congressional office—I've had her a couple of summers, she's a pretty good girl, Jimmy Dineen's daughter. She's a.. no, no, she's a volunteer. One day a week. Waal, uh... no, no, no, you use her. Now where'll I have her go... DOROTHY... Well, she can be there any day, I guess. Dorothy, what day does Margot want to work?—on Wednesdays. Beautiful. O. K., who'll I have her see?... Have her see you. O. K., Room 362, and put her to work, give her some projects. She's a volunteer and she's a good kid... All right. Thanks, Tom... Yeah, what is it now?... I've heard that a thousand times... Time's one thing I don't have too much of these days... Well, I'm goin' down in the mornin', eight o'clock. Yeah, I'll be home Tuesday night, I hope... I'm always available to you... Awright, I know you got a problem... O. K., fine. G'bye.

We Know Your Time Is Precious...

The third kind of people who come into O'Neill's office—some of them previous acquaintances of the Congressman's and some not—are more purposeful than the first group and on the whole more sophisticated than the second: they have various specific matters that they want to talk about, specifically with him, and they have made appointments for their discussions. One day last winter the progression of this kind of visit began at 9:30 a. m., with the arrival of a group representing the Massachusetts Association of Paraplegics, who, as

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O'Neill had explained beforehand, were trying to see if a greater national emphasis could be put on research into cures for, rather than treatment of, paraplegia, as well as what could be done about improving facilities for paraplegic care. ("I've been in the embarrassing position of attending conferences with representatives of underdeveloped countries and having to admit that *we're* underdeveloped in this respect," one of the men said during the course of the meeting.) The group consisted of two doctors, one from the Veterans Administration and one from a local hospital; William Haley, the association's chairman, who had become involved in its work, he explained, after an accident occurring a few days before his son's wedding had left the young man a quadriplegic and his family with $50,000 in medical bills; and Doris, a plump, bespectacled dark-haired young woman in a wheelchair, which bore a sticker attesting to her presence at the 1970 Bay State Wheelchair Games. O'Neill is surprisingly erudite in some areas of medical research (as he is about the treatment of mental illness, a subject on which he can discourse learnedly for hours); also, he had been briefed ahead of time by Tim Meehan, in his Washington office, and he started things off by asking whether anything had come of "the old Smithwicke operation." Tom III came in (he is a friend of Haley's son), sporting a pair of brown-and-tan saddle shoes; and he and Mrs. Kelly began handing around paper cups of coffee. Michael Harrington, whose district adjoins O'Neill's, came in—the office had been notified of the meeting. He is a small, neat-faced man in his middle thirties, and this morning, deeply tanned and wearing a khaki suit, a blue button-down shirt and red tie, he looked the very picture of the compleat modern congressman. (O'Neill, having already removed his jacket, was attired in one of his short-sleeved white shirt and genuine forties flowered tie ensembles.) A man dressed in clerical garb came in and plumped down on the sofa; he turned out to be Monsignor Speed (John) Carroll, the former head of the CYO of the Archdiocese of Boston, who at present has a parish in Swampscott and who had dropped in following a meeting in the U. S. Health, Education, and Welfare office downstairs. By now there were 10 people or so in the room, and it was pretty crowded. (One of the doctors had brought along a blackboard, which added considerably to the congestion.) At the beginning of the meeting Haley had made a ritual acknowledgement of the fact that "a congressman's time is precious"; he seemed torn, however, between this awareness and his desire, which he had also mentioned at the beginning of the meeting, to lay bare "the total picture," and he was doing the latter with extraordinary thoroughness. O'Neill is often gruff when a discussion meanders, and usually he does not hesitate to put it sharply back on the track of what in particular it is that the participants would like him to do. In situations like this, though, as in any others involving open assaults on the heartstrings, he is a complete pushover; it was clear that he was wary of hurting anyone's feelings, and he sat quietly behind his desk, puffing his meerschaum and interjecting a question from time to time. It remained for Harrington to suggest that perhaps it would be possible to start at the end and explain what specific results were hoped for from the meeting—whereupon Haley set off on a wrap-up of approximately a half-hour's duration. He was succeeded by the first doctor, who began drawing anatomical diagrams on the blackboard and talking about experiments with rats and goldfish. Finally Harrington, who for several minutes had been crouched, looking strangled, in a starter's position on the edge of his chair, sprang for the door, explaining that he was due at another meeting which had started a half-hour before, and made his escape. O'Neill by this time had switched to a cigar and he was still

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listening politely, wreathed in smoke. The second doctor appropriated the blackboard and, scribbling even more energetically than his colleague, embarked on axonal transplants and reecher mice. Doris, who had also been listening quietly, entered a strenuous plea for a network of centers that would combine treatment and rehabilitative services in one location, and Haley proceeded to explicate some of the more arcane aspects of the doctors' presentations.

'Come Down, We'll Have Lunch'

At length—it was past noon—O'Neill did break in. "I'm trying to figure out where I come into the picture that I can be of help," he said. "I'm assuming one way or another you're looking for money, am I correct?" This was a characteristic remark: O'Neill's ideas about what help consists of in circumstances like these are utterly traditional and non-abstract. Moreover, in addition to his propensity for seeing problems in terms rather far removed from those of wholesale systemic recasting, O'Neill's customary approach for getting the money for projects like these is just about the most traditional—or retrogressive, if one prefers—there is; it consists, as he delicately puts it, of "bringing a problem to the attention of" someone he is friendly with—in this case Daniel J. Flood, chairman of the Labor, Health, Education, and Welfare subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations—and asking him whether he is doing anything about it. (One of the fruits of this approach of which O'Neill is proudest is a $2,000,000 appropriation for research into sickle cell anemia which the subcommittee authorized in 1971. "I'd never heard of the disease," he says, "or at least not the scope of it, and then a little girl from my office put me onto the matter, and I had Tim do some research on the subject. I talked to some of the black fellas about it, but they weren't interested at that time, they were more interested in education and civil rights. So I went to Dan Flood and told him I had a paper by one of my staff, and he took it from there.") Not that O'Neill is always successful in his attention-directing; but then again, he is not without back-up resources. He is fond of recounting the outcome of his efforts with Flood and company a few years ago on behalf of a group of doctors, some of them affiliated with Boston Children's Hospital, who were seeking additional funds for their work in pediatric orthopedics. "Ed Patten [of New Jersey, a Democratic member of the committee] said to me, 'Hell, you got two already this year, you oughta be satisfied.' So I went to Magnuson," O'Neill says, chuckling reminiscently [Warren Magnuson, chairman of the *Senate* subcommittee], "and I got him to put it in for me over on that side."

"Doctor, let me speak to you about the practicality of how you get funding of this type," O'Neill continued, and he went on to enlighten

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the assembled company about the subject. ("You're talking about a grant from the National Institutes of Health, am I correct? Well, you know how that works. NIH comes in with their budget and the Office of Management and Budget cuts them down. Now the OMB's an impossible group to speak to—you want to talk to the chairman of the committee and get him to agree to back your request. . . . ")

"So what I suggest," O'Neill said in conclusion, "is that you come down and visit me in Washington. We'll have lunch," he said, "with Dan Flood, maybe somebody from one of the hospitals down there to give it a local tinge. You've got Eddie Patten out of Perth Amboy—if we can find a doctor from his area we're that much ahead of the game. We'll all sit down together—you give me a call, about two weeks before the NIH budget is set is the right time—and then you'll have a voice on the committee. They'll cut something else out maybe, but not that."

Smiling in relief at the unsuspected simplicity of it all, the group departed. O'Neill was relieved too, and pleased, and prompted by Monsignor Carroll, who had stayed to chat, he told one of his more engaging non-aphoristic anecdotes, and then they went out for lunch. When O'Neill returned, Jon Carver, a former Cambridge city councilman who is currently head of the Watertown School Committee, was waiting for him. Carver is an old friend of the Congressman's, and he, too, seemed bent on meandering around the point of his visit, which appeared to have something to do with the constraints placed on the school board by the terms of a federal education grant they had received. The board was forced, Carver started out by saying, to hire consultants over whom they had no real power, but then shifted into a deploration of the general lack of discipline in the schools these days, a subject which seemed to be of slightly deeper concern to him. O'Neill brought him up sharply. "Jon," he said, in a firm tone, "you came in here with a complaint. . . . " It developed that there was nothing Carver thought the Congressman could actually do about the matter; he had mainly wanted to let off some steam. O'Neill thanked him anyway. "You've given me a little insight," he said. "I've been opposed to substituting large lump sums for these categorical grants, but maybe I'm wrong. As long as they're not used for taxes, it might be a good idea."

An Academic Interlude

Some MIT graduate students—three of them, in mustaches and tweed jackets—were next; they were not there with a *problem* they hastened to inform O'Neill, but merely to see whether he had any advice for them about a proposal—"a scheme, I guess you might call it," one of them said—they had in mind, which had to do with their forming themselves into a corporation and offering themselves as an advisory service for congressmen. All three of the young men had a certain air of what could charitably be described as extreme self-assurance about them—"Actually, we've heard that some members are not pleased with their speed or relevance or level of analysis," one of them drawled when O'Neill, in listing the groups that were already performing such an advisory function, mentioned the research staff of the Library of Congress. O'Neill is not an unremitting booster of all facets of congressional life, but he is unhappy when outsiders do the denigrating ("The way they write about the place," he has said, "it's a wonder it's still there."), and he bristled slightly. "Well, *I'm* quite pleased with their competence," he remarked. He seemed a trifle startled at the sum named by the young men as the remuneration they expected for their first year's work, which was $150,000. He started to expound dourly on the financial crunch faced by Americans for Democratic Action,

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by Common Cause, and by the Democratic Study Group, whose staff, he explained, is paid in "dribs and drabs" out of its members' individual office allowances. ("Say someone working for one of the fellows takes a higher job—instead of filling the position right away, he pays a couple of months' salary to the DSG. We all do that.") He then went into a run-down of how the freshman members, the Southern members, the young farm bloc and the old farm bloc finance *their* advisory staffs. Gradually he got caught up on the pleasure of explaining how things work, and of relating various bits of House lore; the young men, for their part, relinquished some of their *hauteur*. By the end of the meeting O'Neill, who earlier on had said that he didn't know how they were going to fit in, was telling the young men that if they could get outside financing the demand for their services would be "tremendous"; and he was suggesting what he thought would be their best tactic for finding it, which was to make clear that they were simply attempting to augment the existing resources—"so nobody'll worry about competition." "Or come to think of it," he said, "your best bet would be to go to the Autoworkers. If there's ever a group that needed you—I mean, they waste so much money it's ridiculous. You know the kind of thing they do, don't you, they alert favorable congressmen to bills on labor. . . ."

"You mean one of the kind of cruder lobbying set-ups," one of the young men said.

"You said it, I didn't," O'Neill said. "I have to live with them." And he started laughing again.

When O'Neill's appointments were over that afternoon, he noticed that a visitor was peering out the window on the far side of his office. It is a spectacular view, and it was a spectacular moment to be looking at it: the sun was almost down, there were chiaroscuro clouds in a pink and aqua sky, and everything—the buildings, the drifts of snow, the sky itself—seemed to be lit with gold. O'Neill poked in his hand to spread apart the slats of the venetian blind and proceeded to conduct a sort of aerial Cook's tour of the city, a service he is fond of performing. "There's the North Church," he said. "Up where those trees are is a very beautiful cemetery where Paul Revere and various illustrious other citizens are buried. That's the North End—there are people there of Italian ancestry. There's not a Jew or an Irishman livin' there; you look at the voting lists, it's one Italian name after another. They've got the lowest crime rate in Boston—if you were to ask me as a young girl where you should live, I'd say find yourself a place in the North End. No one would ever snatch your purse or make a remark—they have ways of disciplining wise guys. You should visit during the feast-days, it's like the old country. There's the Naval Yard, a headache. It's mostly repairing now, old ships. We've lost our world naval power—we're only about sixth, and they're losin' jobs there. . . . There's a $3 million concrete pier I helped to get them back a couple of years ago, but what with our expenses for Vietnam you can't do anything more. . . ." O'Neill turned his head and pointed in a different direction. "That's Logan Airport, another headache. There's St. Stephen's Church. Cardinal Cushing bought it because it was the only Bulfinch church in the city. People come from all over to see it. Those are Bulfinch homes around there, too. They're very expensive; people have turned them into apartments and they're just lovely when you get inside. . . ."

O'Neill walked over to the window behind his desk, and he pulled that venetian blind all the way up. "There's B. U.," he said, "and there's Jimmy's and there's the old customs house. And out there," he said, pointing to it, "is the harbor, with an island for every day of the year." ■

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Public affairs books to be published in April.

American Economic Aid to Thailand. J. Alexander Caldwell. Lexington, $15.

Attack on Privacy. John Curtis Raines. Judson Press, $4.95.

The Birth of Nations. Philip C. Jessup. Columbia, $14.95. Jessup, one-time roving ambassador and judge at the International Court of Justice, is one of diplomacy's more refreshing figures, especially for his plain-spoken prose. These personal recollections of the creation of several modern countries (Indonesia, Israel, etc.) and the stillbirth of such nations as Bao Dai and Eritrea, are rambling and at times sloppily thrown together, but are still quite appealing in their own way.

Blood of My Blood: The Dilemma of the Italian-Americans. Richard Gambino. Doubleday, $7.95.

A Blue-Collar Journal: A College President's Sabbatical. John R. Coleman. Lippincott, $6.95. The president of Haverford College, who is also Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank in Philadelphia, spent his sabbatical doing a variety of blue-collar jobs. His account of the experience is consistently interesting, his analysis of it consistently bland.

Bureaucratic Politics and Foreign Policy. Morton Halperin. Brookings, $8.95/$3.50. An important book about the culture of bureaucracy and its impact on foreign policy.

Campus in Crisis. Buell Gallagher. Harper & Row, $8.95.

Connections: Notes from the World of Heroin. Leroy Gould, et al. Yale, $8.95. The New Journalism meets formal social science, and the combination turns out far better than anyone might have anticipated. The book presents three perspectives on the heroin scene—those of the junkie, the law, and the rehabilitators.

The Crime Control Establishment. Isadore Silver, ed. Prentice-Hall, $4.45.

Cruel and Unusual Justice. Jack Newfield. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $7.95.

Dirty Business: The Corporate-Political Money-Power Game. Ovid Demaris. Harper's Magazine Press, $10.95. Not much new in these stories of corporate wrong-doing, but they are told with spirit and their cumulative effect is appalling.

Dixiecrats and Democrats: Alabama Politics 1942-1950. William D. Barnard. Univ. of Alabama, $7.95. A well-executed history of Alabama politics in the late 1940s, focusing on that ever-fascinating character, populist Governor "Big Jim" Folsom. For those whose knowledge of Deep South politics does not extend beyond George Wallace, the ties of Folsom (who said in 1946 that FDR's biggest mistake was in not aiding the Spanish Loyalists) to the left wing of the national Democratic Party may be rather startling.

The Education of Black Americans. Staten W. Webster. John Day, $6.50.

Education, Unemployment, and Economic Growth. Alan Sorkin. Lexington, $13.50.

The Emerging Constitution. Rexford C. Tugwell. Harper's Magazine Press, $25.

Etok: The Story of Eskimo Power. H. G.

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Gallagher. Putnam, $7.95. Etok, a.k.a. Charles Edwardsen, Jr., is a young Eskimo who according to this account has spent the last 10 years fighting to establish his peoples' claim to Alaskan territory. The author is an old friend of his subject's, and the results show up in a characterization which is almost totally uncritical and heavily romanticized. Gallagher's straightforward descriptions of Alaska past and present are, however, fascinating.

Go East, Young Man. William O. Douglas. Random House, $10. Justice Douglas has some fascinating stories to tell, particularly about the days of the New Deal, but his consistent inability to criticize himself tends to make his autobiography disappointingly one-dimensional. How this great hero of all of us who love the First Amendment could have been on the take from the Las Vegas-based Parvin Foundation may be explained by this sentence: "Leonard Lyons, famous columnist, and his wife, Sylvia, were among the most talented couples I ever knew." In other words, Douglas wanted to know the celebrities. "I sometimes went with Lennie on his rounds. He knew all the celebrities, their scandals as well as their other lives...."

The $100 Million Dollar Lunch. Sterling Quinlan. J. Philip O'Hara, $6.95.

The Imperial Republic: The United States and the World 1945-1973. Raymond Aron. Prentice-Hall, $10. Attempting to embrace the whole of recent economic and political history, Aron produces a book that, while sound in detail, lacks the unity or drive a more focused book might have. One of his more interesting comments, which comes in the preface to the American edition of this book, which was first published in France, reveals both an imperfect understanding of the U. S. polity and the European's anxiety about our current disruptions: "I can speak out forthrightly and assert that it is on Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger that a European pins his hopes for a foreign policy governed by reason. The elected representatives of the American nation are swayed by economic interests, both commercial and monetary.... It is to the presidency rather than the Senate that Europeans look for an equitable policy."

Joseph P. Kennedy: A Life and Times. David E. Koskoff. Prentice-Hall, $10.

Justices and Presidents. Henry J. Abraham. Oxford, $10. Half of this book is a well-written history of how Presidents since Washington have chosen their Supreme Court nominees; the other half, a lucid analysis of who gets selected (22 out of 103 nominees were serving in the executive branch when they were nominated; another 21 were federal judges), why the Senate turns some of them down (as it has in 26 cases), and what kind of justices make the most and least of their term on the court. Abraham's objectivity is such that it carries some weight for him to say of the Carswell nomination, "With the calm hindsight of history, President Nixon's choice still merits the characterization of a spite nomination."

Justice Under Fire: A Study of Military Law. Joseph W. Bishop, Jr. Charterhouse, $8.95.

Karl Marx on Freedom of the Press and Censorship. Saul Padover. McGraw-Hill, $10. A valuable resource for comparisons between Marx's ideals and the policies of many

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Marxist states. Especially apropos after the Solzhenitsyn affair.

Lincoln Steffens. Justin Kaplan. Simon & Schuster. Kaplan, author of a superb earlier biography of Mark Twain, does not get as far inside his subject this time as he did before. That is the only source of disappointment in a generally well-done biography. In the era of the modern investigative reporter, Steffens the pioneer muckraker is an obvious source of parallels. Kaplan wisely avoids drawing them in the book, but one of the most provocative is the apparent aimlessness with which Steffens drifted into first the journalism of exposure and later his elegies to the Soviet state.

Lost Chance in China: The World War II Despatches of John S. Service. Joseph W. Esherick, ed. Random House, $10. John Service, hounded from the State Department largely because of his reports that Mao was on the rise in China, has lived to see his own vindication. This collection of his diplomatic dispatches is a surprisingly engrossing and vivid portrayal of the era, about not only the struggle for China but also the folkways of American diplomacy.

Makers of American Diplomacy. Frank J. Merli, Theodore A. Wilson. Scribners, $15.

The Making of Campaign Strategy. Marjorie Randon Hershey. Lexington, $13. This hard-working author has taken extraordinary pains to state the obvious, beset by that blindness which seems to plague the social sciences—the inability to distinguish between trivial and significant information. Thus, with the pace and the heavy steadiness of a tank, we move to such earthshaking conclusions as this: uncertainty about the outcome of an election makes a candidate work harder.

The Middle East in World Politics. Tareq Y. Ismael, Syracuse Univ. Press, $12/$5.

The Modest Commitment to Cities. Morton T. Schussheim. Lexington.

Mortgage on America. Leonard Downie, Jr. Praeger, $7.95. Land speculators—urban blockbusters, suburban developers, and hucksters of vacation paradises—are the villains in this well-written and researched tour of the real estate jungle. Although Downie's solutions are somewhat limited, the book's strongest section is its unromantic look at widely acclaimed "new towns," ranging from Columbia, Maryland to Irvine, California.

The National Labor Relations Board. Frank W. McCulloch, Tim Bornstein. Praeger, $10.

The New Anti-Semitism. Arnold Forster, Benjamin R. Epstein. McGraw-Hill, $7.95. The New Anti-Semitism is the indifference of society (the press) to the bigotry of outlandish figures like Gerald L. K. Smith or the twisted Jew-hating which sprouted in some corners of the militant black movement. The press may have been less than vigilant in some cases, but to make their point the authors have to keep recycling the same handful of bigots, which include radicals, whose support of the Arabs makes them de facto anti-semitic, and the producers of *Jesus Christ Superstar.*

Operation Splinter Factor. Stewart Steven. Lippincott, $7.95.

The Philanthropoids: Foundations and Society. Ben Whitaker. William Morrow, $7.95. This "unsubsidized study of the burdens of benevolence" is a treasure-house of information, both trivial and substantial, about the foundations: in 1969, the House Ways and Means Committee raised its proposed tax on foundations the day it learned that Walt Rostow had received a $24,500 grant from Ford; England's Rowntree Trust told an applicant that while they couldn't approve his $1,080 research request, they'd like to give him $144,000 for a wider study; 94 per cent of all grants go to old, established institutions, and only three per cent each to individuals and new institutions. Unfortunately, the author has a positive aversion to any sustained analysis of his material, and this keeps the book from rising above its titillating-compendium status to

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become the serious study it might have been.

The Politics of Law Enforcement. Alan Edward Bent. Lexington, $12.50.

Presidential Power and Accountability: Toward a New Constitution. Charles M. Hardin. Univ. of Chicago, $7.95. Dull but worthy with some thoughtful proposals for constitutional reform.

Reform as Reorganization: The Governance of Metropolitan Regions. Royce Hanson, et al. Resources for the Future/Johns Hopkins, $3.

The Rise and Fall of the League of Nations George Scott. Macmillan, $9.95. The time lock has run out on a vault full of diplomatic documents, and their release is the occasion for this new history. It adds few novel insights or basic re-interpretations (new details and quotations are here aplenty), but its evocation of an era when international organization was taken seriously (even our lack of membership then seemed a more important issue than anything connected with our membership in the UN now) makes it instructive reading in this present era of a paralyzed UN and a growing need for international coordination.

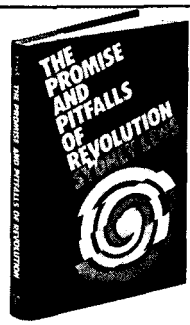
The Ruling Minority 1974. Lawrence R. Krivit. Library Research Associates, $5.95. A highly simplistic manifesto that rails against inherited wealth and the progressive income tax. The book's occasionally well-chosen examples are marred by its continually shrill tone: "We are running out of time. Nelson and David Rockefeller may live 40 more years."

Selma 1965: The Town Where the South Was Changed. Charles Fager. Scribner's, $7.95.

Sentenced to Life. John P. Roche. Macmillan, $8.95. The bulk of this collection of magazine pieces by the only former president of Americans for Democratic Action to serve loyally in Lyndon Johnson's White House deals with two rather shopworn subjects—Vietnam and campus radicalism. Roche is still agressively unrepentant on the war, describing himself "as an old-fashioned liberal cold warrior. . . [who] still see[s] nothing immoral about fighting to contain aggressive totalitarianism." But the real problem is not Roche's philosophy, but how little he seems to have noticed while working in the White House. For example, he dismisses George Reedy's portrait of the courtier-like atmosphere around Johnson as just being motivated by pique over "Why didn't Lyndon talk to me?"

Some Very Special Men. Cy Egan. Harper & Row, $6.95.

The Structure of Urban Reform: Community Decision Organizations in Stability and Change. Roland L. Warren, Stephen M. Rose, Ann F. Bergunder. Lexington, $13.50.



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Yale University Press New Haven and London

The Supreme Court and "Political Questions": A Study in Judicial Evasion. Philippa Strum. Univ. of Alabama, $7.50.

The Supreme Court Review, 1973. Philip B. Kurland, ed. Univ. of Chicago, $15. A collection of essays about the important cases of last year. The editor is one of the nation's leading legal scholars and most of his authors are of similar caliber. Richard Morgan's article on the establishment clause of the first amendment is especially interesting.

Taming the Last Frontier: A Prescription for the Urban Crisis. C. W. Griffin. Pitman, $8.95. A competent analysis of the historical roots of the urban-problem syndrome: pollution, slums, over-crowding, congestion, sprawl, etc. Griffin's theoretical solutions, which center on taxing externalities and recognizing social costs, are hardly trail-blazing but are generally sensible. At times, however, he places too much faith in the ability of "enlightened" taxation to remake the body politic.

Uncertain Passage. A. Doak Barnett. Brookings, $9.95/$3.95.

Urban Economic Development: Suburbanization, Minority Opportunity, and the Condition of the Central City. Bennett Harrison. Urban Institute, $10/$4. A detailed and provocative brief arguing that the reports of the death of our urban centers have been greatly exaggerated. Although Harrison persuasively argues that there is not a serious job exodus from city to suburb, he fails to see anything depressing in the finding that "from two out of ten to over seven out of every ten new jobs in the nation's largest metropolitan areas were in federal, state, and local government. . . ." At times Harrison's zeal to make the best possible case for the economic vitality of the city leads in strange directions. Arguing that our cities are not facing a space shortage, Harrison suggests that "development is also feasible in a downward direction," noting that more than one third of new building in a number of Russian cities is underground.

Waiting Out a War: The Exile of Private John Picciano. Lucinda Franks. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95.

Yarborough: Living in a City That Time Forgot. Howard M. Kahn. Little, Brown. $3.95. Sensitive, readable portraits of seven citizens of Yarborough, pseudonym for a New England mill town, symbol of a condition to be found throughout the country. Imperceptibly the city has begun to die, short-changing its poor, its middle class, its old, its young—the groups from which these portraits are drawn. Institutions serve inadequately, and at the same time exercise a tyrannical control over lives, generating an alienated state of mind.

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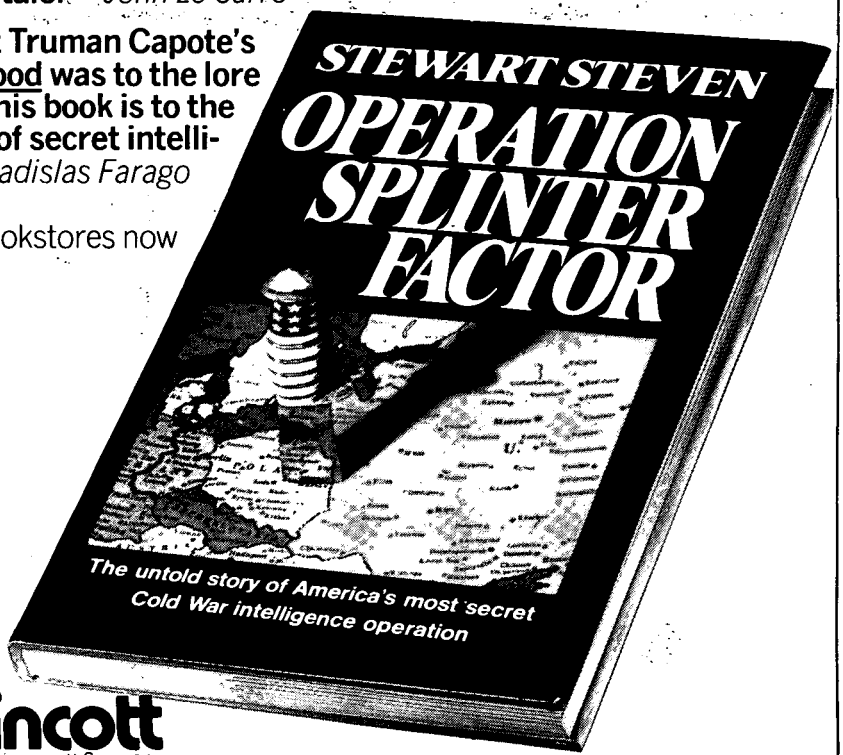

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